

THE
PSYCHOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT
OF EXPRESSION

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A COMPILATION OF SELECTIONS FOR USE IN THE STUDY
OF EXPRESSION

IN FOUR VOLUMES
THIRD EDITION

VOL. III

CHICAGO
COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF ORATORY
STEINWAY HALL
1903

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The Lakeside Press

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO., CHICAGO

TO THE
STUDENTS AND FRIENDS
OF THE
COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF ORATORY
WHOSE APPRECIATION, HELPFULNESS AND LOYALTY
HAVE MADE THE SCHOOL A SUCCESS,
THESE VOLUMES ARE
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME III.

It is not meant in these little volumes to advise any inflexible order of procedure in the teaching of expression. For example, it is not the intention that in a given class of pupils, the cold and the emotional shall pay an equal amount of attention to the cultivation and expression of feeling. On the contrary this method allows full scope for individual development. It is brought about in this way.

Every average class contains three grades of ability to master each chapter or step as it is introduced. The first division will master a given chapter with great ease, though some others may be very difficult for them. The second division can fulfill the requirements of the same step with a reasonable amount of time, study, and practice, though they may fail entirely on other steps. (The development of the second division is the teacher's criterion for taking up a new step.) The third division can not accomplish the requirements of this chapter in the time that the teacher can wisely devote to it, but on some other chapter they may become division one. It is plainly the teacher's duty, when he sees that any member of division one has accomplished the present requirement, to spend this student's part of the class time in developing his weakest point, for he always has one; and it is also his duty to remember that division three have not developed the element required in the present chapter, and when each becomes a member of division one in some

other chapter, to try to further this incomplete development. The selections of these volumes make this individual work possible, because all good literature, whatever its predominating quality, requires for its complete expression the intellectual, emotional and volitional qualities and physical animation and movement, though in varying degrees.

In the main the selections of this volume are more difficult than those in Volume II; but though these volumes are meant to be progressive, because experience has shown that the student makes greater progress when allowed to relax occasionally, some selections lower than the plane the book is meant to occupy, have been used.

CHAPTER I.

INTELLECT—RELATIVE THOUGHT VALUES.

The teacher who has followed the present method to this point has found the majority of the class expressing the simpler and more general differences in thought values, though failing to make the finer distinctions; and he has also found a minority showing gross disagreements between what they *meant to say* and what their vocal form and movement *really did say*, and manifesting little power to express the relative values of the different parts of a composition. The wise teacher has passed these by without comment, because experience has shown that such difficulties can best be remedied later. The development of this power of *expressing relative values* is the purpose of the present chapter.

The student who needs this development is likely to need it from one of two causes, either his *intellect* does

not recognize *relative thought values*, or his *ear* does not recognize *their vocal expression*. If the former is the difficulty it can be remedied by any rational method of thought analysis, and no space need be occupied here by further explanation. If the latter is the difficulty it will involve a period of careful ear culture. Such culture as will enable the student to trace the correspondence between speech elements and the thought they are meant to convey, and such as will produce a keen recognition of the adequate expression of thought and emotion values in his own speech and that of others. How can these ends be attained?

One excellent method is for the teacher to express a definite thought and have the class tell him what ideas he has communicated besides the literal meaning of the words and their arrangement. This is the simplest and probably it should be the earliest method used. It can be varied by expressing different thoughts through the same words. In all cases of failure on the part of the class to understand the meaning of the tones, the teacher should show them the difference between the expression of what he *meant* they *should receive* and the expression of what they *did receive* through their indiscriminating hearing. Another excellent method is to reverse the above and have the student read and the teacher interpret.

Besides this special drill, ear culture should always proceed parallel with all systematic voice culture, for the student with an indiscriminating ear is likely to misrepresent himself by clothing his thought with ill-fitting and unbecoming tones, much as many lovely people misrepresent themselves by wearing ill-fitting garments and unbecoming colors.

This failure to read the meaning of vocal elements is not only a millstone about the neck of the growing artist, but it will limit him in his dealings with his fellow men, often making him the victim of his own mistakes or of the deceit of others because he can not hear "between the lines" the running commentary of the tone.

Careful drill in this chapter brings a proper degree of volume and therefore contributes much of the variety which the cultivated ear craves.

CHAPTER II.

EMOTION — ÆSTHETIC.

The sense of beauty enters into the highest philosophy as in Plato.—*Gladstone*.

Many good practical students have never had their æsthetic emotions fully aroused; and until they do, their rendering can not be truly beautiful, and they are forever ostracized from the artistic. The purpose of this chapter is to further the *development of the æsthetic emotions* in such, and refine them in others; and to *beautify the rendering* of all. How shall it be done?

As in all the steps of this series, the growth must be from within. The student must be taught to love the good, the true, and the beautiful, and become susceptible to their influence. The eye must be trained to catch beauty in the forms and colors of nature and art; and the ear to take delight in all the music of God and man, in the cracking thunder of the avalanche, the reluctant drip of the water drop or the palpitating ecstatic song of a Nilsson. All that can be done to refine the pupil's tastes, expand his horizon and broaden his sympathies will

aid him in conceiving the content of beautiful literature. Love is the spirit of the æsthetic emotions. "The greatest thing in the world" is the centre of the greatest power in art.

Then both eye and ear must be trained to recognize beauty of form in rendering. The eye to sense the grace and harmony and the ear to feel the power of tone color, tune and rhythm.

The teacher must not be discouraged at this high standard. If the pupils who need this culture most are inspired to search for the beautiful, the teacher may feel well repaid. Besides it is not expected that all this will be accomplished in the time set apart for this chapter; and it must be remembered that the student who has done good work up to this point is already able to conceive and express much beauty, and always when studying good literature he will be absorbing this quality.

This element of rendering which has been called beauty in this introduction is indefinable and intangible though always recognizable. It is a power greater than power itself. It is the drapery which Edwin Booth threw about all his work, and which made his audience love and admire, whether he were presenting the princely and cultured Dane or the base and murderous Ancient. No special attention has been paid to its development in previous chapters because until the student has learned to consider only that beautiful which is also true, there is great danger of producing artificiality.

People expect beauty in painting, music and statuary, and the unusual and wonderful phenomena of nature, but they do not always see "How the face of common day is

written all over with tender mystery." It is thought that to unseal their senses to the beauty of the commonplace will best serve to develop them now. The literature has largely been chosen with that in view.

CHAPTER III.

WILL — PURPOSE.

Every selection in good literature is designed to accomplish some purpose. *The fulfillment of the author's purposes* in writing these selections is the work outlined for the present chapter.

This has been played at in Chapter III of Volume II, and good work at *commanding attention* has been accomplished, but commanding attention is a lower form of purpose and may be successfully accomplished while the author's purpose is yet unfulfilled.

The student must now not be content with commanding the attention of his audience, but must work to produce the effect upon their minds that his author meant to produce in the minds of his readers. He must adopt his author's purpose and stand in his place to fulfill it as if it were his own.

Probably in no part of his course will the pupil be more in need of the inspiring aid and presence of a strong teacher. The teacher must himself be imbued by the same purpose. He must be able to paint surroundings and conditions and supply facts and relations which the student from limited imagination or opportunities can not supply.

The special legitimate results of this step are in the line of power and steadiness. It gives added coherence and momentum. Purpose is the backbone of spoken dis-

course. No single step of this series will do so much toward developing well-centred and powerful extemporaneous speakers as this one.

CHAPTER IV.

PHYSIQUE -- PSYCHO-PHYSICAL RESPONSE.

The mind, it must be remembered, has but two agents of expression, the voice and the body. Up to this point in the present series more attention has been paid to the cultivation of the former than of the latter, though all the work in rendering helps to make the body more and more responsive to mental conditions. Through this training, the body has been enabled to express general thoughts and emotions, but it is now ready for a higher form of culture for expression. *The student should now be required to express the varying shades of thought and feeling through the body alone.*

The student's *mental* preparation for this work should be even more thorough than for former steps. Where before he has only *realized* and *comprehended* conditions and situations, he must now *experience* them. This step requires greater mental stimulus than any previous one, because in the other steps the burden of expression rested on the voice, which is the current medium of human communication, and it now rests upon the body, which in the mass of American people, is not used as much and therefore has not equal facility.

The first class drill must be begun with the greatest care, that each member may know exactly what is expected of him. Each should understand that he is not to concern himself with the objective, but with the subjective

side of expression. His work is to try to experience the state of consciousness represented in the given lines and trust the results to the reflex action of his own nerve centres. He is forbidden to think of the external manifestations of this state, leaving all such criticism to the eye of the teacher.

The teacher's motto in this chapter should be "make haste slowly," and each member of the class should be carefully noticed during each expression. In order to do this it may be necessary to divide the class, if large, and work with the divisions alternately. In such cases place the active division in front or in some position that will hinder the others from seeing their faces. It would be better still to have the divisions come at different times.

The teacher's work, always two-fold, propeller and regulator, must now partake more largely of the quality of the regulator. While he will still incite and inspire, yet his most important duty now is to guard and control. A large class of students, from their desire to accomplish, do not like to wait the slow working of bodily expression and so try to *do* something, thus producing artificial, and sometimes meaningless and even ridiculous gestures and facial expression. The teacher must explain to such that but little effect is expected at first, and that because they miss the accustomed action of the vocal organs and the sound of their own voices, they are apt to think that they are not accomplishing when their teacher is highly gratified at what they have done.

The careful, intelligent teacher will here be rewarded by wonderful results in facial expression and gesture, varying with every change in the mental condition. The

rendering will be intensified, the lines cut deeper and truer and the growth of individuality greatly furthered.

It is hardly possible to overestimate the value of this chapter to the public reader or speaker. Sight is a higher sense than hearing. Audiences receive their keenest delight from the subtle suggestion of expressive movements. The artist who fails to impress the mind through this avenue is like a soldier who arms himself only with a sword. To use voice alone is equivalent to addressing a blindfolded audience. If he would please, startle or influence to the fullest of human power, the artist must employ the combined action of voice and body in unity.

The literature chosen will aid in cultivating freedom of action.

Grateful acknowledgment is here made to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., D. Appleton & Co., Chas. Scribner's Sons, Henry Holt & Co., Lee & Shepard and Harper & Bros., for the use of selections in this volume.

CHAPTER I.

INTELLECT — RELATIVE THOUGHT VALUES.

CATS AND DOGS.*

1. What I've suffered from them this morning no tongue can tell. It began with Gustavus Adolphus. Gustavus Adolphus is a very good sort of a dog, when he is in the middle of a large field, or on a fairly extensive common, but I won't have him in-doors. He means well, but this house is not his size. He stretches himself and over go two chairs and a what-not. He wags his tail, and the room looks as if a devastating army had marched through it. He breathes, and it puts the fire out.

2. At dinner-time, he creeps in under the table, lies there for awhile, and then gets up suddenly; the first intimation we have of his movements being given by the table, which appears animated by a desire to turn somersaults. We all clutch at it frantically, and endeavor to maintain it in a horizontal position; whereupon his struggles, he being under the impression that some wicked conspiracy is being hatched against him, become fearful, and the final picture pre-

* By permission from Jerome's "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," published by Henry Holt & Co.

sented is generally that of an overturned table and a smashed-up dinner.

3. He came in this morning in his usual style, which he appears to have founded on that of an American cyclone, and the first thing he did was to sweep my coffee cup off the table with his tail, sending the contents full into the middle of my waist-coat. I rose from my chair, hurriedly, and approached him at a rapid rate. He preceded me in the direction of the door. At the door he met Eliza, coming in with eggs. Eliza observed, "Ugh!" and sat down on the floor, the eggs took up different positions about the carpet, where they spread themselves out, and Gustavus Adolphus left the room.

4. I called after him, strongly advising him to go straight downstairs, and not let me see him again for the next hour or so; and he, seeming to agree with me, dodged the coal-scoop, and went; while I returned, dried myself, and finished breakfast. I made sure that he had gone into the yard, but when I looked into the passage ten minutes later, he was sitting at the top of the stairs. I ordered him down at once, but he only barked and jumped about, so I went to see what was the matter.

5. It was Tittums. She was sitting on the top stair but one, and wouldn't let him pass.

Tittums is our kitten. She is about the size of a penny roll. Her back was up and she was swearing like a medical student.

I told her she ought to be ashamed of herself. I put Tittums in my pocket, and returned to my desk. I forgot her for the moment, and when I looked I found that she had squirmed out of my pocket on to the table, and was trying to swallow the pen; then she put her leg into the ink-pot and upset it.

6. I put her down on the floor, and there Tim began rowing with her. I do wish Tim would mind his own business. It was no concern of his what she had been doing. Besides, he is not a saint himself. He is only a two-year-old fox terrier, and he interferes with everything, and gives himself the airs of a grey-headed Scotch collie.

Tittums' mother has come in, and Tim has got his nose scratched, for which I am remarkably glad. I have put them all three out in the passage, where they are fighting at the present moment. I'm in a mess with the ink, and in a wretched temper.

7. Yet, in general, I like cats and dogs very much indeed. What jolly chaps they are! They are much superior to human beings as companions. They do not quarrel or argue with you. They never talk about themselves, but listen to you while you talk about yourself, and keep up an appearance of being interested in the conversation. They never make stupid remarks. And they never ask a young author with fourteen tragedies, sixteen comedies, seven farces, and a couple of burlesques in his desk, why he doesn't write a play.

8. They never say unkind things. They never tell us of our faults, "merely for our own good." They do not, at inconvenient moments, mildly remind us of our past follies and mistakes. They never inform us that we are not nearly so nice as we used to be. We are always the same to them. They are always glad to see us. They are with us in all our humors. They are merry when we are glad, sober when we feel solemn, sad when we are sorrowful.

9. "Hulloa ! happy, and want a lark ! Right you are; I'm your man. Here I am, frisking round you, leaping, barking, pirouetting, ready for any amount of fun and mischief. Look at my eyes, if you doubt me. What shall it be? A romp in the drawing-room, and never mind the furniture, or a scamper in the fresh, cool air, a scud across the fields, and down the hill, and we won't let old Gaffer Goggles's geese know what time o'day it is, neither. Whoop ! come along."

10. Or you'd like to be quiet and think. Very well. Pussy can sit on the arm of the chair, and purr, and purr, and Montmorency will curl himself up on the rug, and blink at the fire, yet keeping one eye on you the while, in case you are seized with any sudden desire in the direction of rats. And when we bury our face in our hands and wish we had never been born, they don't sit up very straight, and observe that we have brought it all upon ourselves. They don't even hope it will be a warning to us.

11. But they come up softly; and shove their heads

against us. If it is a cat, she stands on your shoulder, rumples your hair and says, "I am sorry for you," as plain as words can speak; and if it is a dog, he looks up at you with his big, true eyes, and says with them, "Well, you've always got me, you know. We'll go through the world together, and always stand by each other, won't we?"

12. He is very imprudent, a dog is. He never makes it his business to inquire whether you are in the right or in the wrong, never bothers as to whether you are going up or down upon life's ladder, never asks whether you are rich or poor, silly or wise, sinner or saint. Come luck or misfortune, good repute or bad, honor or shame, he is going to stick to you, to comfort you, guard you, and give his life for you, if need be— foolish, brainless, soulless dog !

13. Ah! old staunch friend, with your deep, clear eyes, and bright, quick glances, that take in all one has to say before one has time to speak it, do you know you are only an animal, and have no mind? Do you know that dull-eyed, gin-sodden lout, leaning against the post out there, is immeasurably your intellectual superior?

14. Do you know that every little-minded, selfish scoundrel, who lives by cheating and tricking, who never did a gentle deed, or said a kind word, who never had a thought that was not mean and low, or a desire that was not base, whose every action is a fraud, whose every utterance is a lie; do you know they are all as

much superior to you as the sun is superior to rush-light, you honourable, brave-hearted, unselfish brute?

15. They are MEN, you know, and MEN are the greatest, noblest, and wisest, and best Beings in the whole vast eternal Universe. Any man will tell you that. Yes, poor doggie, you are very stupid, very stupid indeed, compared with us clever men, who understand all about politics and philosophy, and who know everything in short, except what we are, and where we came from, and whither we are going, and what everything outside this tiny world and most things in it are.

16. Never mind, though, pussy and doggie, we like you both all the better for your being stupid. We all like stupid things. It is so pleasant to come across people more stupid than ourselves. Ah me! life sadly changes us all. The world seems a vast horrible grinding machine, into which what is fresh and bright and pure is pushed at one end, to come out old and crabbled and wrinkled at the other.

17. Look even at Pussy Sobersides, with her dull sleepy glance, her grave slow walk, and dignified, prudish airs; who could ever think that once she was the blue-eyed, whirling, scampering, head-over-heels, mad little firework that we called a kitten.

What marvelous vitality a kitten has. It is really something very beautiful the way life bubbles over in the little creatures. They rush about, and mew, and spring; dance on their hind legs, embrace everything with their front ones, roll over and over, lie on their

backs and kick. They don't know what to do with themselves, they are so full of life.

18. Can you remember when you and I felt something of the same sort of thing? Can you remember those glorious days of fresh young manhood; how, when coming home along the moonlit road, *we* felt too full of life for sober walking, and had to spring and skip, and wave our arms, and shout? Oh, that magnificent young LIFE! that crowned us kings of the earth; that rushed through every tingling vein, till we seemed to walk on air; that thrilled through our throbbing brains, and told us to go forth and conquer the whole world; that welled up in our young hearts, till we longed to stretch out our arms and gather all the toiling men and women and the little children to our breast, and love them all—all.

19. Ah! they were grand days, those deep full days, when our coming life, like an unseen organ, pealed strange, yearnful music in our ears, and our young blood cried out like a war-horse for the battle. Ah, our pulse beats slow and steady now, and our old joints are rheumatic, and we love our easy chair and sneer at boys' enthusiasm. But oh! for one brief moment of that god-like life again.

JEROME K. JEROME.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.*

1. Broadly considered, Daniel O'Connell's eloquence has never been equalled in modern times, certainly not in English speech. Do you think I am partial? I will vouch John Randolph of Roanoke, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he hated a Yankee, himself an orator of no mean level. Hearing O'Connell, he exclaimed, "This is the man, these are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day." I think he was right. I remember the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of Choate; I know the eloquence that lay hid in the iron logic of Calhoun.

2. It has been my fortune to sit at the feet of the great speakers of the English tongue on the other side of the ocean. But I think all of them together never surpassed, and no one of them ever equalled, O'Connell. Nature intended him for our Demosthenes. Never since the great Greek, has she sent forth any one so lavishly gifted for his work as a tribune of the people. In the first place, he had a magnificent presence, impressive in bearing, massive like that of Jupiter. Webster himself hardly outdid him in the majesty of his proportions.

*By permission from Wendell Phillips' *Speeches and Lectures*, Vol. II., published by Lee & Shepard.

3. To be sure, he had not Webster's craggy face, and precipice of brow, nor his eyes glowing like anthracite coal; nor had he the lion roar of Mirabeau. But his presence filled the eye. A small O'Connell would hardly have been an O'Connell at all.

4. I remember Russell Lowell telling us that Mr. Webster came home from Washington at the time the Whig party thought of dissolution, a year or two before his death, and went down to Faneuil Hall to protest; drawing himself up to his loftiest proportion, his brow clothed with thunder, before the listening thousands, he said, "Well, gentlemen, I am a Whig, a Massachusetts Whig, a Faneuil hall Whig, a revolutionary Whig, a constitutional Whig. If you break the Whig party, sir, where am I to go?" And says Lowell, "We held our breath, thinking where he *could* go. If he had been five feet three, we should have said, 'Who cares where you go?'"

5. So it was with O'Connell. There was something majestic in his presence before he spoke; and he added to it what Webster had not, what Clay might have lent,—infinite grace, that magnetism that melts all hearts into one. I saw him at over sixty-six years of age, every attitude was beauty, every gesture grace. It would have been delicious to have watched him if he had not spoken a word. Then he had a voice that covered the gamut.

6. With the slightest possible Irish brogue, he would tell a story while all Exeter Hall shook with

laughter. The next moment, tears in his voice like a Scotch song, five thousand men wept. And all the while no effort. He seemed only breathing.

"As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up, and paint them blue."

We used to say of Webster, "This is a great effort;" of Everett, "It is a beautiful effort;" but you never used the word "effort" in speaking of O'Connell.

7. Webster could awe a senate, Everett could charm a college, and Choate could cheat a jury; Clay could magnetize the million, and Corwin lead them captive. O'Connell was Clay, Corwin, Choate, Everett, and Webster in one. Before the courts, logic; at the bar of the senate, unanswerable and dignified; on the platform, grace, wit, and pathos; before the masses, a whole man. Carlyle says, "He is God's own anointed king whose single word melts all wills into his." This describes O'Connell. Emerson says, "There is no true eloquence unless there is a man behind the speech." Daniel O'Connell was listened to because all England and all Ireland knew that there was a man behind the speech,—one who could be neither bought, bullied, nor cheated. He held the masses free but willing subjects in his hand.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

SUMMER.

1. I feel a great deal of pity for those honest but misguided people who call their little, spruce suburban towns, or the shaded streets of their inland cities,—the country; and I have still more pity for those who reckon a season at the summer resorts—country enjoyment. Nay, my feeling is more violent than pity; and I count it nothing less than blasphemy so to take the name of the country in vain.

2. Two days since I was sweetering in the heat of the city, jostled by the thousand eager workers, and panting under the shadow of the walls. But I have stolen away; and for two hours of healthful regrowth into the darling Past I have been lying this blessed summer's morning upon the grassy bank of a stream that babbled me to sleep in boyhood. Dear old stream! unchanging, unfaltering,—with no harsher notes now than then,—never growing old,—smiling in your silver rustle and calming yourself in the broad, placid pools,—I love you, as I love a friend.

3. But now that the sun has grown scalding hot, and the waves of heat have come rocking under the shadow of the meadow oaks, I have sought shelter in a chamber of the old farm house. The window blinds are closed; but some of them are sadly shattered, and I have intertwined in them a few branches of the late

blossoming white azalea, so that every puff of the summer air comes to me cooled with fragrance. A dimple or two of the sunlight still steals through my flowery screen, and dances (as the breeze moves the branches) upon the oaken floor of the farm house.

4. Through one little gap I can see the broad stretch of meadow, and the workmen in the field bending and swaying to their scythes. I can see, too, the glistening of the steel, as they wipe their blades, and can just catch floating on the air the measured, tinkling thwack of the rifle stroke.

5. Here and there a lark, scared from his feeding-place in the grass, soars up, bubbling forth his melody in globules of silvery sound, and settles upon some tall tree, and waves his wings, and sinks to the swaying twigs. I hear, too, a quail piping from the meadow fence, and another trilling his answering whistle from the hills. Nearer by, a tyrant king bird is poised on the topmost branch of a veteran pear tree, and now and then dashes down, assassin like, upon some home-bound, honey-laden bee, and then with a smack of his bill resumes his predatory watch.

6. A chicken or two lie in the sun, with a wing and a leg stretched out,—lazily picking at the gravel, or relieving their *ennui* from time to time with a spasmodic rustle of their feathers. An old, matronly hen stalks about the yard with a sedate step, and with quiet self-assurance she utters an occasional series of hoarse and heated “clucks.” A speckled turkey, with

an astonished brood at her heels, is eyeing curiously and with earnest variations of the head, a full-fed cat, that lies curled up and dozing upon the floor of the cottage porch.

7. As I sit thus, watching through the interstices of my leafy screen the various images of country life, I hear distant mutterings from beyond the hills. The sun has thrown its shadow upon the pewter dial two hours beyond the meridian line. Great cream-colored heads of thunder-clouds are lifting above the sharp, clear line of the western horizon; the light breeze dies away, and the air becomes stifling. The white-capped clouds roll up nearer and nearer to the sun, and the creamy masses below grow dark in their seams. The mutterings now spread into wide volumes of rolling sound, that echo again and again from the eastward heights.

8. I hear in the deep intervals the men shouting to their teams in the meadows; and great companies of startled swallows are dashing in all directions around the gray roofs of the barn. The clouds have now well-nigh reached the sun, which seems to shine the fiercer for his coming eclipse. The whole west, as I look from the sources of the brook to its lazy drift under the swamps that lie to the south, is hung with a curtain of darkness; and like swift working, golden ropes that lift it toward the zenith, long chains of lightning flash through it; and the growing thunder seems like the rumble of the pulleys.

9. I thrust away my azalea-boughs, and fling back the shattered blinds, as the sun and the clouds meet, and my room darkens with the coming shadows. For an instant the edges of the thick, creamy masses of cloud are gilded by the shrouded sun, and show gorgeous scollops of gold, that toss upon the hem of the storm. But the blazonry fades as the clouds mount; and the brightening lines of the lightning dart up from the lower skirts, and heave the billowy masses into the middle heaven.

10. The workmen are urging their oxen fast across the meadow, and the loiterers come straggling after with rakes upon their shoulders. The matronly hen has retreated to the stable door, and the brood of turkeys stand dressing their feathers under the open shed. The air freshens, and blows from the face of the coming clouds. I see the great elms in the plain, swaying their tops, even before the storm breeze has reached me; and a bit of ripened grain upon a swell of the meadow, waves and tosses like a billowy sea.

11. Presently I hear the rush of the wind; and the cherry and pear trees rustle through all their leaves; and my paper is whisked away by the intruding blast. There is a quiet of a moment, in which the wind even seems weary and faint, and nothing finds utterance save one hoarse tree toad, doling out his lugubrious notes.

12. Now comes a blinding flash from the clouds, and a quick, sharp clang clatters through the heavens, and bellows loud and long among the hills. Then—

like great grief spending its pent agony in tears—
come the big drops of rain,—pattering on the lawn
and on the leaves, and most musically of all upon the
roof above me,—not now with the light dance of the
spring shower, but with strong footfalls, like the first
proud tread of Youth! DONALD G. MITCHELL.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

I.

Morning, evening, noon and night,
“Praise God!” sang Theocrite.
Then to his poor trade he turned,
Whereby the daily meal was earned.
Hard he labored, long and well;
O’er his work the boy’s curls fell.
But ever, at each period,
He stopped and sang, “Praise God!”

II.

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.
Said Blaise, the listening monk, “Well done;
I doubt not thou art heard, my son,
As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God, the Pope’s great way.
This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter’s dome.”

III.

Said Theocrite, " Would God that I
 Might praise him, that great way, and die !"
 Night passed, day shone,
 And Theocrite was gone.
 With God a day endures alway,
 A thousand years are but a day.
 God said in heaven, " Nor day nor night
 Now brings the voice of my delight."

IV.

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
 Spread his wings and sank to earth ;
 Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
 Lived there, and played the craftsman well ;
 And morning, evening, noon and night,
 Praised God in place of Theocrite.
 And from a boy, to youth he grew :
 The man put off the stripling's hue :

V.

The man matured and fell away
 Into the season of decay :
 And ever o'er the trade he bent,
 And ever lived on earth content.
 (He did God's will ; to him, all one
 If on the earth or in the sun.)
 God said, " A praise is in mine ear ;
 There is no doubt in it, no fear :

VI.

“So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.
Clearer loves sound other ways ;
I miss my little human praise.”
Then forth sprang Gabriel’s wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.
’Twas Easter Day : he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter’s dome.

VII.

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,
With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite ;
And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,
Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed ;

VIII.

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer ;
And rising from the sickness drear,
He grew a priest, and now stood here.
To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.
“I bore thee from thy craftsman’s cell,
And set thee here ; I did not well.

IX.

"Vainly I left my angel-sphere,
 Vain was thy dream of many a year.
 Thy voice's praise seemed weak ; it dropped —
 Creation's chorus stopped !
 Go back and praise again
 The early way, while I remain.
 With that weak voice of our disdain,
 Take up creation's pausing strain.

X.

"Back to the cell and poor employ ;
 Resume the craftsman and the boy !"
 Theocrite grew old at home ;
 A new Pope dwelt at Peter's dome.
 One vanished as the other died :
 They sought God side by side.

ROBERT BROWNING.

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

1. Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to.

Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

2. Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were

partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.

3. Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door ; Scrooge and Marley. He answered to both names. It was all the same to him. Oh ! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge ! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire ; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. He carried his own low temperature always about with him ; he iced his office in the dog-days ; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

4. External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did. Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you ? When will you come to see me ?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman

ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge.

5. But what did Scrooge care ! It was the very thing he liked. Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather. The door of the counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room ; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Therefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle ; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed.

6. Foggier yet, and colder grew the afternoon. Piercing, searching, biting cold. At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge.

"If quite convenient, sir."

7. "It's not convenient," said Scrooge, "and it's

not fair. If I was to stop half-a-crown for it, you'd think yourself ill used, I'll be bound? And yet you don't think me ill used, when I pay a day's wages for no work."

"If you please sir, it's only once a year."

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning."

8. The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no great-coat), went down a slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honor of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play at blind-man's-buff.

9. Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's-book, went home and sat down before the fire. It was a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a bitter night. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a disused bell, that hung in the room. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked, he saw the bell begin to swing. It swung so softly in the outset, that it scarcely made a sound;

but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

10. They were succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below ; as if some person were dragging a heavy chain. Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains. The cellar-door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise much louder, on the floors below ; then coming up the stairs ; then coming straight towards his door. Without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried "I know him ; Marley's Ghost !"

11. The same face : the very same. Marley in his pig tail, usual waistcoat, tights and boots. The chain he drew was long, and wound about him like a tail ; and it was made of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent ; so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

12. "How now !" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"Much!"—Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I *was*."

"Who *were* you then?"

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you—can you sit down?"

"I can."

"Do it, then."

13. The ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fire place, as if he were quite used to it. And what was Scrooge's horror, when the phantom taking off the bandage round its head, as if it were too warm to wear in-doors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast! Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

"Mercy!" he said. "Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?"

"Man of the worldly mind, do you believe in me or not?"

"I do, I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man, that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death."

14. "I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house—mark me!—in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"

"You must have been very slow about it, Jacob."

"Slow!"

"Seven years dead," mused Scrooge. "And travelling all the time!"

"The whole time," said the Ghost. "No rest, no peace."

15. "You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years."

"Oh! captive, bound and double-ironed, not to know, that ages of incessant labor, by immortal creatures, for this earth must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunity misused! Yet such was I! Oh! such was I!"

16. "But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge.

"Business! Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business! Hear me!" cried the ghost. "My time is nearly gone."

"I will," said Scrooge. "But don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob! Don't!"

17. "I am here to-night to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me," said Scrooge. "Thank'ee!"

“You will be haunted by Three Spirits.”

“Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?” he demanded in a faltering voice.

“It is.”

“I — I think I'd rather not.”

18. “Without their visits,” said the Ghost, “you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first tomorrow, when the bell tolls One.”

“Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?”

“Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third upon the next night when the last stroke of Twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more.”

19. The apparition walked backward from him; and at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that when the spectre reached it, it was wide open, and he floated out upon the bleak, dark night.

Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. He tried to say “Humbug!” but stopped at the first syllable, and being much in need of repose; went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the instant.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL.

INTRODUCTION.

An old legend attributes to Jubal, one of the descendants of Cain, the discovery of music. By listening to the sound of the hammer Jubal's sense of rhythm was awakened and he recognized the beauty of sound. He listened anew to Nature's voices, the wind, the cataract, the birds, the insects, human voices and the fading echoes, and through them all he heard the rhythmic beat of the hammer's stroke. The thought of uniting the sounds of nature to the human voice, thus making wondrous music, possessed him. To this end he invented the first poor lyre; he played upon it and burst into song for joy of his success. Longing to share this new-found joy with all the race, he taught the youth to play upon the lyre and to sing.

Thus did Jubal to his race reveal
 Music their larger soul, where woe and weal
 Filling the resonant chords, the song, the dance,
 Moved with a wider-winged utterance.
 Now many a lyre was fashioned, many a song
 Raised echoes new, old echoes to prolong,
 Till things of Jubal's making were so rife,
 "Hearing myself," he said, "hems in my life,
 And I will get me to some far-off land,
 Where higher mountains under heaven stand
 And touch the blue at rising of the stars,
 Whose song they hear where no rough mingling mars
 The great clear voices.

II.

Such lands there must be,
Where varying forms make varying symphony—
Where other thunders roll amid the hills,
Some mightier wind a mightier forest fills
With other strains through other-shapen boughs;
Where bees and birds and beasts that hunt or browse
Will teach me songs I know not.”
He took a raft, and traveled with the stream
Southward for many a league, till he might deem
He saw at last the pillars of the sky,
Beholding mountains whose white majesty
Rushed through him as new awe, and made new song
That swept with fuller wave the chords along,
Weighting his voice with deep religious chime,
The iteration of slow chant sublime.

III.

And Jubal said: “Here have
I found my thirsty soul’s desire,
Eastward the hills touch heaven, and evening’s fire
Flames through deep waters; I will take my rest,
And feed anew from my great mother’s breast,
The sky-clasped Earth, whose voices nurture me
As the flowers’ sweetness doth the honey-bee.”
He lingered wandering for many an age,
And, sowing music, made high heritage
For generations far beyond the Flood.

IV.

And ever as he traveled he would climb
The farthest mountain, yet the heavenly chime,

The mighty tolling of the far-off spheres
 Beating their pathway, never touched his ears.
 But wheresoe'er he rose the heavens rose,
 And the far-gazing mountain could disclose
 Naught but a wider earth ; until one height
 Showed him the ocean stretched in liquid light,
 And he could hear its multitudinous roar,
 Its plunge and hiss upon the pebbled shore :
 Then Jubal silent sat, and touched his lyre no more.

V.

He thought, "The world is great, but I am weak,
 And where the sky bends is no solid peak
 To give me footing, but instead, this main—
 Myriads of maddened horses thundering o'er the plain.
 New voices come to me where'er I roam,
 My heart too widens with its widening home :
 But song grows weaker, and the heart must break
 For lack of voice, or fingers that can wake
 The lyre's full answer ; nay, its chords were all
 Too few to meet the growing spirit's call.
 The former songs seem little, yet no more
 Can soul, hand, voice, with interchanging lore
 Tell what the earth is saying unto me :
 The secret is too great, I hear confusedly.

VI.

"No farther will I travel : once again
 My brethren I will see, and that fair plain
 Where I and Song were born. There fresh-voiced youth
 Will pour my strains with all the early truth

Which now abides not in my voice and hands,
But only in the soul, the will that stands
Helpless to move. My tribe remembering
Will cry 'Tis he!' and run to greet me, welcoming."
The way was weary. Many a date-palm grew,
And shook out clustered gold against the blue,
While Jubal, guided by the steadfast spheres,
Sought the dear home of those first eager years.

VII.

For still he hoped to find the former things,
And the warm gladness recognition brings.
His footsteps erred among the mazy woods
And long illusive sameness of the floods,
Winding and wandering. Through far regions, strange
With Gentile homes and faces, did he range,
And left his music in their memory,
And left at last, when naught besides would free
His homeward steps from clinging hands and cries,
The ancient lyre.

VIII.

And now in ignorant eyes
No sign remained of Jubal, Lamech's son,
That mortal frame wherein was first begun
The immortal life of song. His withered brow
Pressed over eyes that held no lightning now,
His locks streamed whiteness on the hurrying air,
The unresting soul had worn itself quite bare
Of beauteous token, as the outworn might
Of oaks slow dying, gaunt in summer's light.
His full deep voice toward thinnest treble ran:
He was the rune-writ story of a man.

IX.

And so at last he neared the well-known land,
 Could see the hills in ancient order stand
 With friendly faces whose familiar gaze
 Looked through the sunshine of his childish days ;
 Knew the deep-shadowed folds of hanging woods,
 And seemed to see the self-same insect broods
 Whirling and quivering o'er the flowers—to hear
 The self-same cuckoo making distance near.
 But wending ever through the watered plain,
 Firm not to rest save in the home of Cain.
 His memory saw a small foot-trodden way,
 His eyes a broad far-stretching paven road
 Bordered with many a tomb and fair abode.

X.

The little city that once nestled low
 As buzzing groups about some central glow,
 Spread like a murmuring crowd o'er plain and steep,
 Or monster huge in heavy-breathing sleep.
 His heart grew faint, and tremblingly he sank
 Close by the wayside on a weed-grown bank,
 Not far from where a new-raised temple stood,
 Sky-roofed, and fragrant with wrought cedar wood.
 But while he sank far music reached his ear.
 He listened until wonder silenced fear
 And gladness wonder ; for the broadening stream
 Of sound advancing was his early dream,
 Brought like fulfillment of forgotten prayer ;
 As if his soul, breathed out upon the air,
 Had held the invisible seeds of harmony
 Quick with the various strains of life to be.

XI.

He listened : the sweet mingled difference
With charm alternate took the meeting sense ;
Then bursting like some shield-broad lily red,
Sudden and near the trumpets' notes out-spread,
And soon his eyes could see the metal flower,
Shining upturned, out on the morning pour
Its incense audible ; could see a train
From out the street slow-winding on the plain
With lyres and cymbals, flutes and psalteries,
While men, youths, maids, in concert sang to these
With various throat, or in succession poured,
Or in full volume mingled. But one word
Ruled each recurrent rise and answering fall,
As when the multitudes adoring call
On some great name divine, their common soul,
The common need, love, joy, that knits them in one whole.

XII.

The word was "Jubal !" — "Jubal" filled the air
And seemed to ride aloft, a spirit there,
Creator of the choir, the full-fraught strain
That grateful rolled itself to him again.
The aged man adust upon the bank —
Whom no eye saw — at first with rapture drank
The bliss of music, then, with swelling heart,
Felt, this was his own being's greater part,
The universal joy once borne in him.
But when the train, with living face and limb
And vocal breath, came nearer and more near,
The longing grew that they should hold him dear ;

Him, Lamech's son, whom all their fathers knew,
The breathing Jubal — him, to whom their love was due.

XIII.

All was forgotten but the burning need
To claim his fuller self, to claim the deed
That lived away from him, and grew apart,
While he as from a tomb, with lonely heart,
Warmed by no meeting glance, no hand that pressed.
Lay chill amid the life his life had blessed.
For no eye saw him, while with loving pride
Each voice with each in praise of Jubal vied.
Must he in conscious trance, dumb, helpless lie
While all that ardent kindred passed him by ?

XIV.

The frost-locked starkness of his frame low-bent,
His voice's penury of tones long spent,
He felt not ; all his being leaped in flame
To meet his kindred as they onward came
Slackening and wheeling toward the temple's face :
He rushed before them to the glittering space,
And, with a strength that was but strong desire,
Cried, " I am Jubal, I ! — I made the lyre ! "
The tones amid a lake of silence fell
Broken and strained, as if a feeble bell
Had tuneless pealed the triumph of a land
To listening crowds in expectation spanned.
Sudden came showers of laughter on that lake ;
They spread along the train from front to wake
In one great storm of merriment, while he
Shrank doubting whether he could Jubal be.

But ere the laughter died from out the rear,
Anger in front saw profanation near ;
Jubal was but a name in each man's faith
For glorious power untouched by that slow death
Which creeps with creeping time ; this too, the spot,
And this the day, it must be crime to blot,
Even with scoffing at a madman's lie :
Jubal was not a name to wed with mockery.

XV.

Two rushed upon him : two, the most devout
In honor of great Jubal, thrust him out,
And beat him with their flutes. 'Twas little need
He strove not, cried not, but with tottering speed,
As if the scorn and howls were driving wind
That urged his body, serving so the mind
Which could but shrink and yearn, he sought the screen
Of thorny thickets, and there fell unseen.
The immortal name of Jubal filled the sky,
While Jubal lonely laid him down to die.
He said within his soul, " This is the end :
O'er all the earth to where the heavens bend
And hem men's travel, I have breathed my soul :
I lie here now the remnant of that whole.

XVI.

" Is the day sinking ? Softest coolness springs
From something round me : dewy shadowy wings
Enclose me all around — no, not above —
Is moonlight there ? I see a face of love,
Fair as sweet music when my heart was strong :
Yea — art thou come again to me, great song ?"

And gentlest tones were with the vision blent :
 He knew not if that gaze the music sent,
 Or music that calm gaze : to hear, to see,
 Was but one undivided ecstasy :

XVII.

“Jubal,” the face said, “greatly hast thou lived, for not
 alone

With hidden joy were music’s secrets shown,
 Buried within thee, as the purple light
 Of gems may sleep in solitary night ;
 But thy expanding joy was still to give,
 And with the generous air in song to live,
 Feeding the wave of ever-widening bliss
 Where fellowship means equal perfectness.
 This was thy lot, to feel, create, bestow,
 And that immeasurable life to know
 From which the fleshly self falls shriveled, dead,
 A seed primeval that has forests bred.

XVIII.

“ It is the glory of the heritage
 Thy life has left, that makes thy outcast age :
 Thy gifts to give was thine of men alone :
 ’Twas but in giving that thou couldst atone
 For too much wealth amid their poverty.”—
 The words seemed melting into symphony,
 The wings upbore him, and the gazing song
 Was floating him the heavenly space along,
 Where mighty harmonies all gently fell
 Through veiling vastness, like the far-off bell.

GEORGE ELIOT.

THE ESCAPE OF THE ATHENIAN.

1. The night preceding the fierce joy of the amphitheater rolled away, and grayly broke forth the dawn of the LAST DAY OF POMPEII ! The air was uncommonly calm and sultry — a thin and dull mist gathered over the valleys and hollows of the broad Campanian fields. But yet it was remarked in surprise by the early fishermen, that, despite the exceeding stillness of the atmosphere, the waves of the sea were agitated, and seemed to run back from the shore.

2. Clear above the low mist rose the time-worn towers of the immemorial town, the red-tiled roofs of the bright streets, the solemn columns of many temples, and the statue-crowned portals of the Forum and the Arch of Triumph. Far in the distance, the outline of the circling hills soared above the vapors, and mingled with the changeful hues of the morning sky. The cloud that had so long rested over the crest of Vesuvius had already vanished, and its rugged and haughty brow looked down without a frown over the beautiful scenes below.

3. Despite the earliness of the hour, the gates of the city were already opened. Horseman upon horseman, vehicle after vehicle, poured rapidly in : and the voices of numerous pedestrian groups, clad in holiday attire, rose high in joyous and excited merriment ; the

streets were crowded with citizens and strangers from the populous neighborhood of Pompeii ; and noisily—fast—confusedly swept the many streams of life toward the fatal show.

The intense curiosity which the trial and sentence of the noble Greek had occasioned, increased the crowd on this day to an extent wholly unprecedented. The common people, with the lively vehemence of their Campanian blood, pushed, scrambled, hurried on.

4. A flourish of music rang out cheerily as the processions were sweeping to the amphitheatre. Look at the vast theater, rising row upon row, and swarming with human beings, from fifteen to eighteen thousand in number, intent upon no fictitious representation—no tragedy of the stage—but the actual victory or defeat, the exultant life or the bloody death, of each and all who entered the arena !

“Bring forth the lion and Glaucus the Athenian,” said the ædile, and a deep and breathless hush of overwrought interest, and intense terror lay like a mighty and awful dream, over the assembly.

5. “Glaucus the Athenian, thy time has come,” said a loud and clear voice ; “the lion awaits thee.”

“I am ready,” said the Athenian.

When Glaucus saw the eyes of thousands and tens of thousands upon him, he no longer felt that he was mortal. A red and haughty flush spread over the paleness of his features ; he towered aloft to the full of his glorious stature. In the elastic beauty of his

limbs and form, in his intent but unfrowning brow, in the high disdain, and in the indomitable soul, which breathed visibly, which spoke audibly, from his attitude, his lip, his eye ; he seemed the very incarnation of the valor of his land : at once a hero and a god !

6. The murmur of hatred and horror at his crime, which had greeted his entrance, died into the silence of involuntary admiration and half-compassionate respect ; and, with a quick and convulsive sigh, that seemed to move the whole mass of life, the gaze of the spectators turned from the Athenian to a dark, uncouth object in the center of the arena. It was the grated den of the lion.

7. The beast had been kept without food for twenty-four hours, and had, during the whole morning, testified a singular and restless uneasiness which the keeper had attributed to the pangs of hunger. Yet its bearing was rather that of fear than of rage ; its roar was painful and distressed ; it hung its head — snuffed the air through the bars — then lay down — started again — and again uttered its wild and far-resounding cries. And now, in its den, it lay utterly dumb and mute, with distended nostrils forced hard against the grating, and disturbing, with a heavy breath, the sand below on the arena.

8. Slowly the ædile gave the sign ; the keeper cautiously removed the grating, and the lion leaped forth with a mighty and glad roar of release. Glaucus had bent his limbs so as to give himself the firmest pos-

ture at the expected rush of the lion, with his small and shining weapon raised on high, in the faint hope that one well-directed thrust might penetrate the brain of his grim foe.

9. To the unutterable astonishment of all, the beast seemed not even aware of the presence of the criminal. At the first moment of its release it halted abruptly in the arena, raised itself half on end, snuffing the upward air with impatient sighs ; then suddenly it sprang forward, but not on the Athenian. At half speed it circled round and round the space, turning its vast head from side to side with an anxious and perturbed gaze, as if seeking only some avenue of escape ; once or twice it endeavored to leap up the parapet that divided it from the audience, and, on failing, uttered rather a baffled howl than its deep-toned and kingly roar. At length, as if tired of attempting to escape, it crept with a moan into its cage, and once more laid itself down to rest.

10. The ædile called to the keeper, "How is this? Take the goad, prick him forth, and then close the door of the den."

As the keeper was preparing to obey, a loud cry was heard at one of the entrances to the arena ; there was a confusion, a bustle and voices of remonstrance. All eyes turned in wonder at the interruption, toward the quarter of the disturbance ; the crowd gave way, and suddenly Sallust appeared on the senatorial benches, his hair disheveled ; breathless, heated, half-

exhausted. He cast his eyes hastily round the ring. "Remove the Athenian!" he cried; "haste; he is innocent! Arrest Arbaces the Egyptian; HE is the murderer of the priest of Isis."

11. "Art thou mad, O Sallust?" said the prætor, rising from his seat. "What means this raving?"

"Remove the Athenian. Quick! or his blood be on your head. Prætor, delay, and you answer with your own life to the emperor! I bring with me the eye-witness to the death of the priest. Room there, stand back, give way. People of Pompeii, fix every eye upon Arbaces; there he sits! Room there for the priest Calenus!"

12. Pale and haggard, fresh from the jaws of famine and of death, his face fallen, his eyes dull as a vulture's, his broad frame gaunt as a skeleton, Calenus was supported into the very row in which Arbaces sat.

"The priest Calenus—Calenus!" cried the mob. "Is it he? No—it is a dead man!"

13. "It is the priest Calenus," said the prætor. "What hast thou to say?"

"Arbaces of Egypt is the murderer of the priest of Isis; these eyes saw him deal the blow. It is from the dungeon into which he plunged me—it is from the darkness and horror of a death by famine—that the gods have raised me to proclaim his crime! Release the Athenian—he is innocent!"

"A miracle! a miracle!" shouted the people; "remove the Athenian—*Arbaces to the lion.*"

And that shout echoed from hill to vale—from coast to sea—*Arbaces to the lion.*

14. "*To the lion—to the lion with Arbaces!*"

With that cry up sprang, on moved, thousands upon thousands! They rushed from the heights; they poured down in the direction of the Egyptian. In vain did the ædile command; in vain did the prætor lift his voice and proclaim the law. The people aroused, inflamed by the spectacle of their victims, forgot the authority of their rulers. The power of the prætor was a reed beneath the whirlwind; still at his word the guards had drawn themselves along the lower benches, on which the upper classes sat separate from the vulgar. They made but a feeble barrier; the waves of the human sea halted for a moment, to enable Arbaces to count the exact moment of his doom!

15. In despair, and in a terror which beat down even pride, Arbaces glanced his eyes over the rolling and rushing crowd; when, right above them, through a wide chasm in the awning, he beheld a strange and awful apparition; and his craft restored his cour-

"Behold!" he shouted, "behold how the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!"

16. The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture of the Egyptian, and beheld, with dismay, a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius in the form of a gigantic pine tree; the trunk, blackness—the branches

fire!—a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare! There was a dead, heart-sunken silence; through which there suddenly broke the roar of the lion, which was echoed back from within the building by the sharper and fiercer yells of its fellow beast.

17. Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other; but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake under their feet; the walls of the theater trembled; and, beyond in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more, and the mountain cloud seemed to roll toward them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time, it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone. Over the crushing vines, over the desolate streets, over the amphitheater itself; far and wide, with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, fell that awful shower!

18. No longer thought the crowd of justice or of Arbaces; safety for themselves was their sole thought. Each turned to fly—each dashing, pressing, crushing against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen; amid groans, and oaths and prayers, and sudden shrieks, the enormous crowd vomited itself forth through the numerous passages. Whither should they fly? Some anticipating an earthquake, hastened to

their homes to load themselves with their more costly goods, and escape while it was yet time; others, dreading the showers of ashes that now fell fast, torrent upon torrent, over the streets, rushed under the roofs of the nearest houses, or temples, or sheds for protection from the terrors of the open air. But darker, and larger, and mightier, spread the cloud above them. It was a sudden and more ghastly Night rushing upon the realm of Noon.

BULWER LYTTON.

PART OF COLUMBIAN ORATION.*

1. This day belongs not to America, but to the world. The results of the event it commemorates are the heritage of the peoples of every race and clime. We celebrate the emancipation of man. The preparation was the work of almost countless centuries, the realization was the revelation of one. The cross on Calvary was Hope; the cross raised on San Salvador was Opportunity. But for the first, Columbus would never have sailed; but for the second, there would have been no place for the planting, the nurture and the expansion of civil and religious liberty.

2. Force was the factor in the government of the world when Christ was born, and force was the sole source and exercise of authority both by church and

*Delivered at the opening of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, Oct. 14, 1892.

state when Columbus sailed from Palos. The wise men traveled from the east toward the west under the guidance of the star of Bethlehem. The spirit of the equality of all men before God and the law moved westward from Calvary, with its revolutionary influence upon old institutions, to the Atlantic ocean. Columbus carried it westward across the seas. The emigrants from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, from Germany and Holland, from Sweden and Denmark, from France and Italy have, under its guidance and inspiration, moved west and again west, building states and founding cities, until the Pacific limited their march.

3. Fifty years before Columbus sailed from Palos, Guttenburg and Faust had forged the hammer which was to break the bonds of superstition and open the prison doors of the mind. They had invented the printing press and movable types. The first born of the marvelous creation of these primitive printers of Mayence was the printed Bible. The priceless contributions of Greece and Rome to the intellectual training and development of the modern world came afterward through the same wondrous machine. The force, however, which made possible America, and its reflex influence upon Europe, was the open Bible by the family fireside.

4. And yet neither the enlightenment of the new learning, nor the dynamic power of the spiritual awakening, could break through the crust of caste which

had been forming for centuries. Church and state had so firmly and dexterously interwoven the bars of privilege and authority, that liberty was impossible from within. Its piercing light and fervent heat must penetrate from without.

5. Civil and religious freedom are founded upon the individual and his independence, his worth, his rights, and his equal status and opportunity. For his planting and development, a new land must be found, where, with limitless areas for expansion, the avenues of progress would have no bars of custom or heredity, of social orders or privileged classes. The time had come for the emancipation of the mind and soul of humanity. The factors wanting for its fulfillment were the new world and its discoverer.

6. God always has in training some commanding genius for the control of great crises in the affairs of nations and peoples. The number of these leaders are less than the centuries, but their lives are the history of human progress. Though Cæsar and Charlemagne and Hildebrand and Luther and William the Conqueror and Oliver Cromwell and all the epoch-makers prepared Europe for the event, and contributed to the result, the lights which illumine our firmament to-day, are Columbus, the discoverer, Washington, the founder and Lincoln, the savior.

7. Equal rights and common opportunities for all have been the spurs of ambition and the motors of progress. They have established the common schools

and built the public libraries. A sovereign people have learned and enforced the lesson of free education. The practice of government is itself a liberal education. People who make their own laws need no law-givers. After a century of successful trial, the system has passed the period of experiment, and its demonstrated permanency and power are revolutionizing the governments of the world.

8. It has raised the largest armies of modern times for self-preservation, and at the successful termination of the war, returned the soldiers to the pursuits of peace. It has so adjusted itself to the pride and patriotism of the defeated, that they vie with the victors in their support and enthusiasm for the old flag and our common country. Imported anarchists have preached their baleful doctrines, but have made no converts. They have tried to inaugurate a reign of terror under the banner of the violent seizure and distribution of property, only to be defeated.

9. The state neither supports nor permits taxation to maintain the church. The citizen can worship God according to his belief and conscience, or he may neither reverence nor recognize the Almighty. And yet religion has flourished, churches abound, the ministry is sustained, and millions of dollars are contributed annually for the evangelization of the world. The United States is a Christian country, and a living and practical Christianity is the characteristic of its people.

10. The time has arrived for both a closer union and a greater distance between the Old World and the New. The former indiscriminate welcome to our prairies, and the present invitation to these palaces of art and industry, mark the passing period. Unwatched and unhealthy immigration can no longer be permitted to our shores. We must have a national quarantine against disease, pauperism and crime. We do not want candidates for our hospitals, our poor houses or our jails. We cannot admit those who come to undermine our institutions, and subvert our laws. But we will gladly throw wide our gates for, and receive with open arms, those who by intelligence and virtue, by thrift and loyalty, are worthy of receiving the equal advantages of the priceless gift of American citizenship. The spirit and object of this exhibition are peace and kinship.

11. Three millions of Germans, who are among the best citizens of the republic, send greeting to the fatherland — their pride in its glorious history, its ripe literature, its traditions and associations. Irish, equal in number to those who still remain upon the Emerald Isle, who have illustrated their devotion to their adopted country on many a battlefield, fighting for the union and its perpetuity, have rather intensified than diminished their love for the land of the sham-rock and their sympathy with the aspirations of the brethren at home. The Italian, the Spaniard and the Frenchman, the Norwegian, the Swede and the Dane,

the English, the Scotch and the Welsh, are none the less loyal and devoted Americans because in this congress of their kin the tendrils of affection draw them closer to the hills and valleys, the legends and the loves associated with their youth.

12. The period between the fifteenth and twentieth centuries is crowded with the romance and reality of human development. Life has been prolonged and its enjoyment intensified. The powers of the air and water, the resistless forces of the elements, which in the time of the discoverer were the visible terrors of the wrath of God, have been subdued to the service of man. Art and luxuries, which could be possessed and enjoyed only by the rich and noble, the works of genius which were read and understood by the learned few, domestic comforts and surroundings beyond the reach of lord or bishop, now adorn and illumine the homes of our citizens. Serfs are sovereigns and the people are kings. The trophies and splendors of their reign are commonwealths, rich in every attribute of great states, and united in a republic whose power and prosperity, and liberty and enlightenment are the wonder and admiration of the world.

13. All hail, Columbus, discoverer dreamer, hero and apostle ! We here, of every race and country, recognize the horizon which bounded his vision and the infinite scope of his genius. The voice of gratitude and praise for all the blessings which have been showered upon mankind by his adventure is limited to

no language, but is uttered in every tongue. Neither marble nor brass can fitly form his statue. Continents are his monuments, and unnumbered millions, past, present and to come, who enjoy their liberties and their happiness, the fruits of his faith, will reverently guard and preserve, from century to century, his name and fame.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

CHAPTER II.

EMOTION — ÆSTHETIC.

THE PLEASURES OF BOATING.*

1. For the past nine years, I have rowed about, during a good part of the summer, on fresh or salt water. My present fleet on the river Charles consists of three row-boats. 1. A small flat-bottomed skiff of the shape of a flat-iron, kept mainly to lend to boys. 2. A fancy "dory" for two pairs of sculls, in which I sometimes go out with my young folks. 3. My own particular water-sulky, a "skeleton" or "shell" race-boat, twenty-two feet long, with huge outriggers, which boat I pull with ten-foot sculls,—alone, of course, as it holds but one, and tips him out, if he doesn't mind what he is about.

2. In this I glide around the Back Bay, down the stream, up the Charles to Cambridge and Watertown, up the Mystic, round the wharves, in the wake of steamboats, which leave a swell after them delightful to rock upon; I linger under the bridges,—those "caterpillar bridges," as my brother professor so happily called them; rub against the black sides of old wood-schooners; cool down under the overhanging

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stern of some tall Indiaman; stretch across to the Navy Yard, where the sentinel warns me off from the Ohio,—just as if I should hurt her by lying in her shadow.

3. Then strike out into the harbor, where the water gets clear and the air smells of the ocean,—till all at once I remember, that, if a west wind blows up of a sudden, I shall drift along past the islands, out of sight of the dear old State-house,—plate, tumbler, knife and fork all waiting at home, but no chair drawn up at the table,—all the dear people waiting, waiting, waiting, while the boat is sliding, sliding, sliding into the great desert, where there is no tree and no fountain.

4. As I don't want my wreck to be washed up on one of the beaches in company with devil's-aprons, bladder-weeds, dead horse-shoes, and bleached crab-shells, I turn about and flap my long, narrow wings for home. When the tide is running out swiftly, I have a splendid fight to get through the bridges, but always make it a rule to beat,—though I have been jammed up into pretty tight places at times, and was caught once between a vessel swinging round and the pier, until our bones (the boat's, that is) cracked as if we had been in the jaws of Behemoth.

5. Then back to my moorings at the foot of the Common, off with the rowing-dress, dash under the green translucent wave, return to the garb of civilization, walk through my Garden, take a look at my elms

on the Common, and, reaching my habitat, in consideration of my advanced period of life, indulge in the Elysian abandonment of a huge recumbent chair.

6. When I have established a pair of well pronounced feathering-calluses on my thumbs, when I am in training so that I can do my fifteen miles at a stretch without coming to grief in any way, when I can perform my mile in eight minutes or a little more, then I feel as if I had old Time's head in chancery, and could give it to him at my leisure.

7. Now let us look at the conditions of rowing. I won't suppose you to be disgracing yourself in one of those miserable tubs, tugging in which is to rowing the true boat what riding a cow is to bestriding an Arab. Our boat, then, is something of the shape of a pickerel, as you look down upon his back, he lying in the sunshine just where the sharp edge of the water cuts in among the lily-pads.

8. It is a kind of giant *pod*, as one may say,—tight everywhere, except in a little place in the middle, where you sit. Its length is from seven to ten yards, and as it is only from sixteen to thirty inches wide in its widest part, you understand why you want those “outriggers,” or projecting iron frames with the rowlocks in which the oars play. My rowlocks are five feet apart; double the greatest width of the boat.

9. Here you are, then, afloat with a body a rod and a half long, with arms, or wings, as you may choose to call them, stretching more than twenty feet from tip

to tip; every volition of yours extending as perfectly into them as if your spinal cord ran down the centre strip of your boat, and the nerves of your arms tingled as far as the broad blades of your oars,—oars of spruce, balanced, leathered and ringed under your own special direction.

10. As the hawk sails without flapping his pinions, so you drift with the tide when you will, in the most luxurious form of locomotion indulged to an embodied spirit. But if your blood wants rousing, turn round that stake in the river, which you see a mile from here; and when you come in in sixteen minutes (if you do, for we are old boys, and not champion scullers, you remember), then say if you begin to feel a little warmed up or not! You can row easily and gently all day, and you can row yourself blind and black in the face in ten minutes, just as you like.

11. It has long been agreed that there is no way in which a man can accomplish so much labor with his muscles as in rowing. It is in the boat, then, that man finds the largest extension of his volitional and muscular existence; and yet he may tax both of them so slightly, in that most delicious of exercises, that he shall mentally write his sermon, or his poem, or recall the remarks he has made in company and put them in form for the public, as well as in his easy-chair.

12. I dare not publicly name the rare joys, the infinite delights, that intoxicate me on some sweet June morning, when the river and bay are smooth as

a sheet of beryl-green silk, and I run along ripping it up with my knife-edged shell of a boat, the rent closing after me like those wounds of angels which Milton tells of, but the seam still shining for many a long rood behind me.

13. To lie still over the Flats, where the waters are shallow, and see the crabs crawling and the sculpins gliding busily and silently beneath the boat,—to rustle in through the long harsh grass that leads up some tranquil creek,—to take shelter from the sunbeams under one of the thousand-footed bridges, and look down its interminable colonnades, crusted with green and oozy growths, studded with minute barnacles, and belted with rings of dark mussels, while overhead streams and thunders that other river whose every wave is a human soul flowing to eternity as the river below flows to the ocean,—lying there moored unseen, in loneliness so profound that the columns of Tadmor in the Desert could not seem more remote from life—the cool breeze on one's forehead, the stream whispering against the half-sunken pillars,—why should I tell of these things, that I should live to see my beloved haunts invaded and the waves blackened with boats as with a swarm of water-beetles? What a city of idiots we must be not to have covered this glorious bay with gondolas and wherries, as we have just learned to cover the ice in winter with skaters!

O. W. HOLMES.

TO THE CUCKOO.

I.

O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice ?

II.

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

III.

Though babbling only, to the vale.
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

IV.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird ; but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

V.

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to ; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

VI.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen.

VII.

And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

VIII.

O blessed bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial faery place ;
That is fit home for thee !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE MIDNIGHT THUNDERSTORM.

I.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose cap't heights appear
Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

II.

He is an evening reveller, who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill ;
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dew
 All silently their tears of love instil,
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
 Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

III.

Ye stars ! which are the poetry of heaven,
 If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
 Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
 That in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'er leap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us such love and reverence from afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves
 a star.

IV.

All heaven and earth are still — though not in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most ;
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep :—
 All heaven and earth are still : From the high host
 Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain-coast,
 All is centred in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of that which is of all creator and defence.

V.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unvalled temple, there to seek
The Spirit in whose honor shrines are weak,
Upreared of human hands. Come, and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With Nature's realms, of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer!

VI.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

VII.

And this is in the night:—most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

VIII.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
 Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
 In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
 That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted !
 Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
 Love was the very root of the fond rage
 Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed ;
 Itself expired, but leaving them an age
 Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage.

IX.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
 The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand :
 For here, not one, but many, make their play,
 And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,
 Flashing and cast around : of all the band,
 The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
 His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
 That in such gaps as desolation worked,
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

X.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings ! ye !
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be
 Things that have made me watchful ; the far roll
 Of your departing voices, is the knoll
 Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
 But where of ye, oh tempest ! is the goal ?
 Are ye like those within the human breast ?
 Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest ?

XI.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb,—
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence: and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much, that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly.
LORD BYRON.

THE SNOW-SHOWER.*

I.

Stand here by my side and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
Flake after flake
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

II.

See how in a living swarm they come
From the chambers beyond that misty veil;
Some hover awhile in air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.

*By permission of D. Appleton & Co., publishers of Bryant's Collected Poems, and Bryant's Poems of Nature, illustrated by Paul de Longpre.

All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
 Meet, and are still in the depths below ;
 Flake after flake
 Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

III.

Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud,
 Come floating downward in airy play,
 Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd
 That whiten by night the milky-way ;
 There broader and burlier masses fall ;
 The sullen water buries them all —
 Flake after flake —
 All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

IV.

And some, as on tender wings they glide
 From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray
 Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
 Come clinging along their unsteady way ;
 As friend with friend, or husband with wife,
 Makes hand in hand the passage of life ;
 Each mated flake
 Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

V.

Lo ! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
 Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
 As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
 They fling themselves from their shadowy height.

The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make, with their grave so nigh ;
 Flake after flake,
To lie in the dark and silent lake !

VI.

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear ;
They turn to me in sorrowful thought ;
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
 Who were for a time, and now are not ;
Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
That glisten a moment and then are lost,
 Flake after flake —
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

VII.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide ;
A gleam of blue on the water lies ;
And far away, on the mountain-side,
 A sunbeam falls from the opening skies,
But the hurrying host that flew between
The cloud and the water, no more is seen ;
 Flake after flake,
At rest in the dark and silent lake.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

VIEW FROM THE TOWER OF COMARES.

1. It is a serene and beautiful morning : the sun has not gained sufficient power to destroy the freshness of the night. What a morning to mount to the summit of the Tower of Comares, and take a bird's-eye view of Granada and its environs !

2. At length we have reached the terraced roof, and may take breath for a moment, while we cast a general eye over the splendid panorama of city and country ; of rocky mountain, verdant valley, and fertile plain ; of castle, cathedral, Moorish towers, and Gothic domes, crumbling ruins, and blooming groves. See, on this side we have the whole plain of the Alhambra laid open to us, and can look down into its courts and gardens.

3. At the foot of the tower is the Court of the Alberca, with its great tank or fishpool, bordered with flowers ; and yonder is the Court of Lions, with its famous fountain, and its light Moorish arcades ; and in the centre of the pile is a little garden, buried in the heart of the building, with its roses and citrons and shrubbery of emerald green.

That belt of battlements, studded with square towers, straggling round the whole brow of the hill, is the outer boundary of the fortress. Some of the towers, you may perceive, are in ruins, and their

massive fragments buried among vines, fig trees, and aloes.

4. Let us look on this northern side of the tower. It is a giddy height ; the very foundations of the tower rise above the groves of the steep hillside. And see ! a long fissure in the massive walls shows that the tower has been rent by some of the earthquakes which from time to time have thrown Granada into consternation ; and which, sooner or later, must reduce this crumbling pile to a mere mass of ruin. The deep narrow glen below us, which gradually widens as it opens from the mountains, is the valley of the Darro ; you see the little river winding its way under embowered terraces, and among orchards and flower-gardens.

5. Some of those white pavilions, which here and there gleam from among groves and vineyards, were rustic retreats of the Moors, to enjoy the refreshment of their gardens. Well have they been compared by one of their poets to so many pearls set in a bed of emeralds. The airy palace, with its tall white towers and long arcades, which breasts yon mountain, among pompous groves and hanging gardens, is a summer palace of the Moorish kings.

6. A murmuring sound of water now and then rises from the valley. It is from the aqueduct of yon Moorish mill, nearly at the foot of the hill. The avenue of trees beyond is a favorite resort in evenings, and a rendezvous of lovers in the summer nights, when the guitar may be heard at a late hour from the

benches along its walks. At present you see none but a few loitering monks there, and a group of water-carriers.

7. You start! 'tis nothing but a hawk that we have frightened from his nest. This old tower is a complete breeding-place for vagrant birds ; the swallow and martlet abound in every chink and cranny, and circle about it the whole day long ; while at night, when all other birds have gone to rest, the moping owl comes out of its lurking-place, and utters its boding cry from the battlements. See how the hawk we have dislodged sweeps away below us, skimming over the tops of the trees.

8. I see you raise your eyes to the snowy summit of yon pile of mountains, shining like a white summer cloud in the blue sky. It is the Sierra Nevada, the pride and delight of Granada ; the source of her cooling breezes and perpetual verdure ; of her gushing fountains and perennial streams. It is this glorious pile of mountains which gives to Granada that combination of delights so rare in a southern city,—the fresh vegetation and temperate airs of a northern climate, with the vivifying ardor of a tropical sun, and the cloudless azure of a southern sky. It is this aerial treasury of snow, which, melting in proportion to the increase of the summer heat, sends down rivulets and streams through every glen and gorge, diffusing emerald verdure and fertility throughout a chain of happy and sequestered valleys.

9. Those mountains may well be called the glory of Granada. They dominate the whole extent of Andalusia, and may be seen from its most distant parts. The muleteer hails them, as he views their frosty peaks from the sultry level of the plain ; and the Spanish mariner on the deck of his bark, far, far off on the bosom of the blue Mediterranean, watches them with a pensive eye, thinks of delightful Granada, and chants, in low voice, some old romance about the Moors.

10. See to the south at the foot of those mountains a line of arid hills, down which a long train of mules is slowly moving. Further this way these arid hills slope down into the luxurious Vega, a blooming wilderness of grove and garden, and teeming orchard, with the Xenil winding through it in silver links, and feeding innumerable rills ; which maintain the landscape in perpetual verdure. Behold, in the very centre of this eventful plain, a place which in a manner links the history of the Old World with that of the New. Yon line of walls and towers gleaming in the morning sun, is the city of Santa Fe.

11. It was to these walls Columbus was called back by the heroic queen, and within them the treaty was concluded which led to the discovery of the Western World. Behind yon promontory to the west is the bridge of Pinos. At this bridge the messenger overtook Columbus when, despairing of success with the Spanish sovereigns, he was departing to carry his

project of discovery to the court of France. But enough ;— the sun is high above the mountains, and pours his full fervor on our heads. Already the terraced roof is hot beneath our feet ; let us abandon it, and refresh ourselves under the Arcades by the Fountain of the Lions. WASHINGTON IRVING.

TO THE DANDELION.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,

First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,

Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,

Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease ;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,

Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy ;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime ,
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time :
Not in mid June the golden-cuirass'd bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee ;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he did bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

Thou art the type of those meek charities
Which make up half the nobleness of life,

Those cheap delights the wise
 Pluck from the dusty wayside of earth's strife;
 Words of frank cheer, glances of friendly eyes,
 Love's smallest coin, which yet to some may give

The morsel that may keep alive
 A starving heart, and teach it to behold
 Some glimpse of God where all before was cold.

Thy winged seeds, whereof the winds take care,
 Are like the words of poet and of sage

Which through the free heaven fare,
 And, now unheeded, in another age
 Take root, and to the gladdened future bear
 That witness which the present would not heed,

Bringing forth many a thought and deed,
 And, planted safely in the eternal sky,
 Bloom into stars which earth is guided by.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
 When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!

Thou teachest me to deem
 More sacredly of every human heart,
 Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
 Of Heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,

Did we but pay the love we owe,
 And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
 On all these living pages of God's book.

But let me read thy lesson right or no,
 Of one good gift from thee my heart is sure;

Old I shall never grow
 While thou each year dost come to keep me pure
 With legends of my childhood; ah, we owe

Well more than half life's holiness to these,
Nature's first lowly influences,
At thought of which the heart's glad doors burst ope,
In dreariest days to welcome peace and hope.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

TRUE ELOQUENCE.

1. When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech farther than as it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It can not be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they can not compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

2. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it ; they can not reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the out-breaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the

fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities.

3. Then patriotism is eloquent ; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object,—this, this is eloquence ; or rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence,—it is action, noble, sublime, god-like action.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE HOUSE OF CLOUDS.

I would build a cloudy house
 For my thoughts to live in
 When for earth too fancy-loose,
 And too low for heaven.
 Hush ! I talk my dream aloud.
 I build it bright to see ;
 I build it on the moonlit cloud
 To which I looked with *thee*.

II.

Cloud-walls of the morning's gray.
Faced with amber column,
Crowned with crimson cupola
From a sunset solemn :
May-mists for the casements fetch,
Pale and glimmering,
With a sunbeam hid in each,
And a smell of spring.

III.

Build the entrance high and proud,
Darkening, and then brightening,
Of a riven thunder-cloud,
Veined by the lightning :
Use one with an iris-stain
For the door so thin,
Turning to a sound like rain
As I enter in.

IV.

Build a spacious hall thereby
Boldly, never fearing ;
Use the blue place of the sky
Which the wind is clearing :
Branched with corridors sublime,
Flecked with winding stairs,
Such as children wish to climb
Following their own prayers.

V.

In the mutest of the house
I will have my chamber ;
Silence at the door shall use
Evening's light of amber,
Solemnizing every mood,
Softening in degree,
Turning sadness into good
As I turn the key.

VI.

Be my chamber tapestried
With the showers of summer,
Close, but soundless, glorified
When the sunbeams come here
Wandering harpers, harping on
Waters stringed for such,
Drawing color for a tune,
With a vibrant touch.

VII.

Bring a shadow green and still
From the chestnut forest ;
Bring a purple from the hill
When the heat is sorest ;
Spread them out from wall to wall,
Carpet-wove around,
Whereupon the foot shall fall
In light instead of sound.

VIII.

Bring fantastic cloudlets home
From the noontide zenith,
Ranged for sculptures round the room,
Named as Fancy weeneth ;
Some be Janos without eyes,
Naiads without sources ;
Some be birds of paradise ;
Some, Olympian hoises.

IX.

Bring the dewes the birds shake off
Waking in the hedges ;
Those too, perfumed for a proof,
From the lilies' edges ;
From our England's field and moor
Bring them calm and white in,
Whence to form a mirror pure
For love's self-delighting.

X.

Bring a gray cloud from the east,
Where the lark is singing,
(Something of the song at least
Unlost in the bringing ;)
That shall be a morning-chair
Poet-dream may sit in
When it leans out on the air,
Unrhymed and unwritten.

XI.

Bring the red cloud from the sun,
While he sinketh, catch it ;
That shall be a couch, with one
Sidelong star to watch it,—
Fit for poet's finest thought
At the curfew sounding ;
Things unseen being nearer brought
Than the seen around him.

XII.

Poet's thought, not poet's sigh —
'Las, they come together !
Cloudy walls divide and fly,
As in April weather.
Cupola and column proud,
Structure bright to see,
Gone ! except that moonlit cloud
To which I looked with *thee*.

XIII.

Let them ! Wipe such visionings
From the fancy's cartel ;
Love secures some fairer things
Dowered with his immortal.
The sun may darken, heaven be bowed ;
But still unchanged shall be,
Here, in my soul, that moonlit cloud
To which I looked with *THEE* !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

MY LOVE.

I.

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear ;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening-star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

II.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know ;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

III.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair ;
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

IV.

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise :
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemèd in her eyes.

V.

She hath no scorn of common things,
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart intwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

VI.

Blessing she is : God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That ought were easier than to bless.

VII.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize ;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

VIII.

She is a woman : one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

IX.

And youth in her a home will find,
Where he may dwell eternally ;

Her soul is not of that weak kind
Which better love the life behind
Than that which is, or is to be.

X.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

XI.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie ;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me, useless, though my soul were bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide,
“Doth God exact day-labor, light denied ?”
I fondly ask. But patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need

Either man's work, or his own gifts. Who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

JOHN MILTON.

TRUE NOBLENES.

"For this true nobleness I seek in vain,
 In woman and in man I find it not ;
 I almost weary of my earthly lot,
 My life-springs are dried up with burning pain."
 Thou find'st it not ? I pray thee look again,
 Look *inward* through the depths of thine own soul.
 How is it with thee ? Art thou sound and whole ?
 Doth narrow search show thee no earthly stain ?
 BE NOBLE ! and the nobleness that lies
 In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
 Will rise in majesty to meet thine own ;
 Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
 Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
 And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

GREAT human nature, whither art thou fled ?
Are these things creeping forth and back again,
These hollow formalists and echoes, men ?
Art thou entombed with the mighty dead ?
In God's name, no ! Not yet hath all been said,
Or done, or longed for, that is truly great.
These pitiful dried crusts will never sate
Natures for which pure Truth is daily bread ;
We were not meant to plod along the earth,
Strange to ourselves and to our fellows strange ;
We were not meant to struggle from our birth,
To skulk and creep, and in mean pathways range ;
Act ! With stern truth, large faith, and loving will !
Up and be doing ! God is with us still.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

CLOUDS.

1. It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the soul and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of

their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great ugly black rain cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew.

2. And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives, when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by a few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them, he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he be always with them; but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright, nor good, for human nature's daily food;" it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust.

3. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to

what is immortal in us, is as distinct, as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations. If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm.

4. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed, unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross, or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice.

5. They are but the blunt and low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lamp-black and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued pas-

sages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual,—that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood,—things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting, and never repeated, which are to be found always yet each found but once; it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

6. Stand upon the peak of some isolated mountain at day break, when the night mists first arise from off the plains, and watch their white and lake-like fields as they float in level bays and winding gulphs about the islanded summits of the lower hills, untouched yet by more than dawn, colder and more quiet than a windless sea under the moon of midnight.

7. Watch when the first sunbeam is sent upon the silver channels, how the foam of their undulating surface parts and passes away; and down under their depths the glittering city and green pastures lie like Atlantis, between the white paths of winding rivers; the flakes of light falling every moment faster and and broader among the starry spires, as the wreathed surges break and vanish above them, and the confused crests and ridges of the dark hills shorten their gray shadows upon the plain.

8. Wait a little longer, and you shall see those scattered mists rallying in the ravines and floating up towards you, along the winding valleys, till they couch in quiet masses, iridescent with the morning light,

upon the broad breasts of the higher hills, whose leagues of massy undulation will melt back and back into that robe of material light, until they fade away, lost in its lustre, to appear again above, in the serene heaven, like a wild, bright, impossible dream, foundationless and inaccessible, their very bases vanishing in the unsubstantial and mocking blue of the deep lake below.

9. Wait yet a little longer, and you shall see those mists gather themselves into white towers, and stand like fortresses along the promontories, massy and motionless, only piling with every instant higher and higher into the sky, and casting longer shadows athwart the rocks ; and out of the pale blue of the horizon you will see forming and advancing a troop of narrow, dark, pointed vapors, which will cover the sky, inch by inch, with their grey network, and take the light off the landscape with an eclipse which will stop the singing of the birds and the motion of the leaves together.

10. And then you will see horizontal bars of black shadow forming under them, and lurid wreaths create themselves, you know not how, along the shoulders of the hills ; you never see them form, but when you look back to a place which was clear an instant ago, there is a cloud on it, hanging by the precipices, as a hawk pauses over his prey. And then you will hear the sudden rush of the awakened wind, and you will see those watch-towers of vapor swept away from their

foundations, and waving curtains of opaque rain let down to the valleys, swinging from the burdened clouds in black, bending fringes, or pacing in pale columns along the lake level, grazing its surface into foam as they go.

11. And then, as the sun sinks, you shall see the storm drift for an instant from off the hills, leaving their broad sides smoking, and loaded yet with snow-white, torn, steam-like rags of capricious vapor, now gone, now gathered again ; while the smouldering sun, seeming not far away, but burning like a red-hot ball beside you, and as if you could reach it, plunges through the rushing wind and rolling cloud with headlong fall, as if it meant to rise no more, dyeing all the air about it with blood.

12. And then you shall hear the fainting tempest die in the hollow of the night, and you shall see a green halo kindling on the summit of the eastern hills, brighter — brighter yet, till the large white circle of the slow moon is lifted up among the barred clouds, step by step, line by line ; star after star she quenches with her kindling light, setting in their stead an army of pale, penetrable, fleecy wreaths in the heaven, to give light upon the earth, which move together, hand in hand, company by company, troop by troop, so measured in their unity of motion, that the whole heaven seems to roll with them, and the earth to reel under them.

13. And then wait until the east again becomes

purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning ; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents, with scales of fire ; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning ; their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altar smoke, up to the heaven ; the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven—one scarlet canopy—is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels ; and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered this His message unto men !

JOHN RUSKIN.

SHORT SELECTIONS FOR THE STUDY OF RHYTHM.

Now clear, pure, hard, bright, and one by one, like to
 hail-stones,
 Short words fall from his lips fast as the first of a shower,—
 Now in two-fold column, Spondee, Iamb, and Trochee,
 Unbroke, firm-set, advance, retreat, trampling along,—
 Now with a sprightlier springiness, bounding in triplicate
 syllables,
 Dance the elastic Dactyls in musical cadences on ;
 Now, their voluminous coil intertangling like huge
 anacondas,
 Roll overwhelmingly onward the sesquipedalian words.

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early
 morn :

Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the
 bugle horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews
 call,

Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley
 Hall ;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy
 tracts,

And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to
rest,

Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow
shade,

Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow !

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally,
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down the valley.

I chatter, chatter as I flow
 To join the brimming river ;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers,
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows ;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood
 near ;
 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
 " She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scar ;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Loch-
 invar.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

LORD BYRON.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

CHAPTER III.

WILL — PURPOSE.

SELF-RELIANCE.

1 To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men,— that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for the inmost in due time becomes the outmost, and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato and Milton is that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men, but what *they* thought.

2. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty.

3. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else to-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all

the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

4. There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance ; that imitation is suicide ; that he must take himself for better for worse as his portion ; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried.

5. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact, makes much impression on him, and another none. This sculpture in the memory is not without preëstablished harmony. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray.

6. We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best ; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him ; no muse befriends ; no invention, no hope.

7. Trust thyself : every heart vibrates to that iron

string. Accept the place the divine providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being.

8. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not minors and invalids pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but guides, redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay under the Almighty effort, let us advance on Chaos and the Dark.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE FATHERLAND.

Where is the true man's fatherland ?
 Is it where he by chance is born ?
 Doth not the free-winged spirit scorn
 In such pent borders to be spanned ?
 Oh yes, his fatherland must be
 As the blue heavens wide and free !

Is it alone where freedom is,
 Where God is God and man is man ?
 Doth he not claim a broader span
 For the soul's love of home than this ?
 Oh yes ! his fatherland must be
 As the blue heavens wide and free !

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle wreath, or scrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more pure and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland !
Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another,—
Thank God for such a birthright brother,—
That spot of earth is thine and mine !
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE SUN'S TESTIMONY.*

The following experiment was performed in the trial of Robt. Belcher, the villain of the story of "Sevenoaks," to prove the falsity of certain signatures. These have been photographed on glass. The room has been darkened except a single aperture. The negative has been placed in this aperture. By means of a solar microscope the signatures are to be projected on the wall.

1. Gradually, as the shutters were closed, the room grew dark, and the faces of judge, jury, and the anxious-looking parties within the bar grew weird and wan among the shadows. A strange silence and awe descended upon the crowd. The great sun in heaven was summoned as a witness, and the sun would not

*From J. G. Holland's story of "Sevenoaks" by permission of Charles Scribners Sons.

lie. A voice was to speak to them from a hundred millions of miles away—a hundred millions of miles near the realm toward which men looked when they dreamed of the Great White Throne.

2. They felt as a man might feel, were he conscious, in the darkness of the tomb, when waiting for the trump of the resurrection and the breaking of the everlasting day. Men heard their own hearts beat, like the tramp of trooping hosts; yet there was one man who was glad of the darkness. To him the judgment day had come; and the closing shutters were the rocks that covered him. He could see and not be seen. He could behold his own shame and not be conscious that five hundred eyes were upon him.

3. All attention was turned to the single pair of shutters not entirely closed. Outside of these, the professor had established his heliostat, and then gradually, by the aid of drapery, he narrowed down the entrance of light to a little aperture where a single silver bar entered and pierced the darkness like a spear. Then this was closed by the insertion of his microscope, and, leaving his apparatus in the hands of an assistant, he felt his way back to his old position.

4. "May it please the Court, I am ready for the experiment," he said.

"The witness will proceed," said the judge.

"There will soon appear upon the wall, above the heads of the jury," said Prof. Timms, "the genuine signature of Nicholas Johnson, as it has been photo-

graphed from the autograph letter. I wish the judge and jury to notice two things in this signature — the cleanly cut edges of the letters, and the two lines of indentation produced by the two prongs of the pen, in its down-stroke. They will also notice that, in the up-stroke of the pen, there is no evidence of indentation whatever. At the point where the up-stroke begins, and the down-stroke ends, the lines of indentation will come together and cease.”

5. As he spoke the last word, the name swept through the darkness over an unseen track, and appeared upon the wall, within a halo of amber light. All eyes saw it, and all found the characteristics that had been predicted. The professor said not a word. There was not a whisper in the room. When a long minute had passed, the light was shut off.

6. “Now,” said the professor, “I will show you, in the same place, the name of Nicholas Johnson, as it has been photographed from the signatures to the assignment. What I wish you to notice particularly in this signature is, first, the rough and irregular edges of the lines which constitute the letters. They will be so much magnified as to present very much the appearance of a Virginia fence. Second, another peculiarity which ought to be shown in the experiment — one which has a decided bearing upon the character of the signature. If the light continues strong, you will be able to detect it.

7. The lines of indentation made by the two prongs of the pen will be evident, as in the real signature. I shall be disappointed if there do not also appear a third line, formed by the pencil which originally traced the letters, and this line will not only accompany, in an irregular way, crossing from side to side, the two indentations of the down-strokes of the pen, but it will accompany irregularly the hair-lines. I speak of this latter peculiarity with some doubt, as the instrument I use is not the best which science now has at its command for this purpose, though competent under perfect conditions."

8. He paused, and then the forged signatures appeared upon the wall. There was a universal burst of admiration, and then all grew still—as if those who had given way to their feelings were suddenly stricken with the consciousness that they were witnessing a drama in which divine forces were playing a part. There were the ragged, jagged edges of the letters; there was the supplementary line, traceable in every part of them. There was man's lie—revealed, defined, convicted by God's truth!

9. The letters lingered, and the room seemed almost sensibly to sink in the awful silence. Then the stillness was broken by a deep voice. What lips it came from, no one knew, for all the borders of the room were as dark as night. It seemed, as it echoed from side to side, to come from every part of the house: "*Mene, mene, tekel upharsin!*"

10. Such was the effect of these words upon the eager and excited, yet thoroughly solemnized crowd, that when the shutters were thrown open, they would hardly have been surprised to see the bar covered with golden goblets and bowls of wassail, surrounded by lordly revellers and half-nude women, with the stricken Belshazzar at the head of the feast. Certainly Belshazzar, on his night of doom, could hardly have presented a more pitiful front than Robert Belcher, as all eyes were turned upon him. His face was haggard, his chin had dropped upon his breast, and he reclined in his chair like one on whom the plague had laid its withering hand.

11. A poorly suppressed cheer ran around the courtroom as the Professor resumed his seat. Jim Fenton, who had never before witnessed an experiment like that which, in the professor's hands, had been so successful, leaned over and whispered : " Professor, you've done a big thing, but it's the first time I ever knew any good to come from peekin' through a key-hole ! "

J. G. HOLLAND.

NUTTING.

I.

It seems a day
 (I speak of one from many singled out)
 One of those heavenly days which cannot die ;
 When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
 I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth
 With a huge wallet o'er my shoulder slung,
 A nutting-crook in hand, and turned my steps
 Towards the distant woods, a figure quaint,
 Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds
 Which for that service had been husbanded,
 By exhortation of my frugal dame.
 Motley accoutrement, of power to smile
 At thorns, and brakes, and brambles,—and in truth,
 More ragged than need was !

II.

Among the woods,
 And o'er the pathless rocks, I forced my way,
 Until, at length, I came to one dear nook
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough
 Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
 Of devastation, but the hazels rose
 Tall and erect, with milk-white clusters hung,
 A virgin scene ! — A little while I stood,
 Breathing with such suppression of the heart
 As joy delights in ; and with wise restraint
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
 The banquet,—or beneath the trees I sat

Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played ;
A temper known to those, who, after long
And weary expectation, have been blest
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.

III.

Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves
The violets of five seasons re-appear
And fade, unseen by any human eye ;
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
Forever,—and I saw the sparkling foam,
And with my cheek on one of those green stones
That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady trees,
Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep,
I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
Tribute to ease ; and, of its joy secure,
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,
And on the vacant air.

IV.

Then up I rose,
And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash
And merciless ravage ; and the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being ; and unless I now
Confound my present feelings with the past,
Even then, when from the bower I turned away
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees and the intruding sky.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WORK.

1. What is wise work, and what is foolish work ? What the difference between sense and nonsense, in daily occupation ?

There are three tests of wise work : — that it must be honest, useful, and cheerful.

It is HONEST. I hardly know anything more strange than that you recognize honesty in play, and you do not in work. In your lightest games, you have always some one to see what you call “fair-play.” In boxing, you must hit fair; in racing, start fair. Your English watchword is “*fair-play*,” your English hatred, “*foul-play*.” Did it never strike you that you wanted another watchword also, “*fair-work*,” and another and bitterer hatred — “*foul-work* ?”

2. Then, wise work is USEFUL. No man minds, or ought to mind, its being hard, if only it comes to something; but when it is hard, and comes to nothing; when all our bees’ business turns to spiders’, and for honey-comb we have only resultant cobweb, blown away by the next breeze — that is the cruel thing for the worker. Yet do we ever ask ourselves, personally, or even nationally, whether our work is coming to anything or not ?

3. Of all wastes, the greatest waste that you can commit is the waste of labor. If you went down in

the morning into your dairy, and found that a child had got down before you, and that he and the cat were at play together. and that he had poured out all the cream on the floor for the cat to lap up, you would scold the child, and be sorry the cream was wasted. But if, instead of wooden bowls with milk in them, there are golden bowls with human life in them, and instead of the cat to play with—the devil to play with; and you yourself the player; and instead of leaving that golden bowl to be broken by God at the fountain, you break it in the dust yourself, and pour the human life out on the ground for the fiend to lick up—that is no waste!

4. What! you perhaps think, “to waste the labor of men is not to kill them.” Is it not? I should like to know how you could kill them more utterly? It is the slightest way of killing to stop a man’s breath. Nay, the hunger, and the cold, and the whistling bullets—our love messengers between nation and nation—have brought pleasant messages to many a man before now; orders of sweet release, and leave at last to go where he will be most welcome and most happy. At the worst you do but shorten his life, you do not corrupt his life. But if you put him to base labor, if you bind his thoughts, if you blind his eyes, if you blunt his hopes, if you steal his joys, if you stunt his body, and blast his soul, and at last dismiss him to the grave, this you think is no waste and no sin!

5. Then, wise work is CHEERFUL, as a child's work is. Everybody in this room has been taught to pray daily, "Thy kingdom come." Now, if we hear a man swear in the streets, we think it very wrong, and say he "takes God's name in vain." But there's a twenty times worse way of taking His name in vain, than that. It is to *ask God for what we don't want*. If you don't want a thing, don't ask for it: such asking is the worst mockery of your King you can insult Him with. If you do not wish for His kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it. And, to work for it, you must know what it is.

6. Observe, it is a kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also, it is not to come all at once, but quietly; nobody knows how. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." Also, it is not to come outside of us, but in our hearts: "the kingdom of God is within you." Now, if we want to work for this kingdom, and to bring it, and enter into it, there's one curious condition to be first accepted. We must enter it as children, or not at all; "Who-soever will not receive it as a little child shall not enter therein." And again, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, *for of such is the kingdom of heaven.*"

7. *Of such*, observe. Not of children themselves, but of such as children. It is the *character* of chil-

dren we want, and must gain; let us see in what it consists.

8. The first character of right childhood is that it is Modest. A well-bred child does not think it can teach its parents, or that it knows everything. It may think its father and mother know everything,—perhaps that all grown-up people know everything; very certainly it is sure that *it* does not. And it is always asking questions, and wanting to know more. Well, that is the first character of a good and wise man at his work. To know that he knows very little ;—to perceive that there are many above him wiser than he ; and to be always asking questions, wanting to learn, not to teach.

9. Then, the second character of right childhood is to be Faithful. And that is the true character of all good men also, as obedient workers, or soldiers under captains. They must trust their captains ;—they are bound for their lives to choose none but those whom they *can* trust. Then, they are not always to be thinking that what seems strange to them, or wrong in what they are desired to do, is strange or wrong. They know their captain : where he leads they must follow,—what he bids, they must do ; and without this trust and faith, no great deed is possible to man.

10. Then the third character of right childhood is to be Loving. Give a little love to a child, and you get a great deal back. It loves everything near it, when it is a right kind of child ; would hurt nothing, would give the best it has away, always, if you need

it ; does not lay plans for getting everything in the house for itself, and delights in helping people ; you cannot please it so much as by giving it a chance of being useful, in ever so humble a way.

11. And because of all these characters, lastly, it is Cheerful. Putting its trust in its father, it is careful for nothing — being full of love to every creature, it is happy always, whether in its play or in its duty. Well, that's the great worker's character also. Taking no thought for the morrow ; taking thought only for the duty of the day ; knowing indeed what labor is, but not what sorrow is ; and always ready for play — beautiful play.

12. For lovely human play is like the play of the Sun. There's a worker for you. He, steady to his time, is set as a strong man to run his course, but also, he *rejoiceth* as a strong man to run his course. See how he plays in the morning, with the mists below, and the clouds above, with a ray here and a flash there, and a shower of jewels everywhere ; — that's the Sun's play ; and great human play is like his — all various — all full of light and life, and tender, as the dew of the morning.

JOHN RUSKIN.

A HERO INDEED.

Jean Valjean was a liberated convict, who through the kindness of a good bishop had become an honorable and honored man. Under the assumed name of Monsieur Madeleine he acquired a fortune and was made mayor of his city. Twenty years after he left the galleys, a poor man, who had been arrested for some trifling offence, was declared to be Jean Valjean and was in danger of being sent to the galleys. Monsieur Madeleine hears of this, and after almost superhuman effort succeeds in reaching the court just as the president is about to sum up the case.

1. The President was about to sum up the evidence, when there was a movement by his side and a voice could be heard exclaiming,—“Brevet, Chenildieu, and Cochepaille, look this way.” All those who heard the voice felt chilled to the heart, for it was so lamentable and terrible. All eyes were turned in the direction whence it came ; a man seated among the privileged audience behind the court had risen, pushed open the gate that separated the judges’ bench from the public court, and stepped down. The president, the public prosecutor, twenty persons, recognized him, and exclaimed simultaneously, “Monsieur Madeleine !”

2. It was he in truth ; the clerk’s lamp lit up his face ; he held his hat in his hand, there was no disorder in his attire, and his coat was carefully buttoned. He was very pale and trembled slightly ; and his hair, which had been gray when he arrived at Arras, was

now perfectly white—it had turned so during the hour he had passed in the court. Every head was raised, the sensation was indescribable, and there was a momentary hesitation among the spectators. The voice had been so poignant, the man standing there seemed so calm, that at first they did not understand, and asked each other who it was that had spoken. They could not believe that this tranquil man could have uttered that terrific cry.

3. Before the president and the public prosecutor could say a word, before the gendarmes and ushers could make a move, the man, whom all still called at this moment M. Madeleine, had walked up to the witnesses, Brevet, Chenildieu, and Cochepaille.

“Do you not recognize me?” he asked them.

All three stood amazed, and gave a nod to show that they did not know him. M. Madeleine turned to the jury and the court, “gentlemen of the jury, acquit the prisoner. Monsieur le President, have me arrested. The man you are seeking is not he, for — I am Jean Valjean.”

4. Not a breath was drawn,—the first commotion of astonishment had been succeeded by a sepulchral silence ; all felt that species of religious terror which seizes on a crowd when something grand is being accomplished. The president’s face, however, displayed sympathy and sorrow ; he exchanged a rapid look with the public prosecutor, and a few words in a low voice with the assessors. He then turned to the

spectators, and asked with an accent which all understood,—

“Is there a medical man present?”

5. The public prosecutor then said,—

“Gentlemen of the jury. The strange and unexpected incident which has disturbed the trial inspires us, as it does yourselves, with a feeling which we need not express. You all know, at least by reputation, the worthy M. Madeleine, mayor of M——. If there be a medical man here, we join with the president in begging him to attend M. Madeleine and remove him to his house.”

6. M. Madeleine did not allow the public prosecutor to conclude, but interrupted him with an accent full of gentleness and authority. “I thank you, sir, but I am not mad, as you will soon see. You were on the point of committing a great error ; set that man at liberty : I am accomplishing a duty, for I am the hapless convict. I am the only man who sees clearly here, and I am telling you the truth. What I am doing at this moment God above is looking at, and that is sufficient for me. You can seize me, for here I am ; and yet I did my best. I hid myself under a name, I became rich, I became mayor, and I wished to get back among honest men, but it seems that this is impossible.

7. It is true that I robbed the bishop ; also true that I robbed Little Gervais, and they were right in telling you that Jean Valjean was a dangerous villain

—though perhaps all the fault did not lie with him. Listen, gentlemen of the court. The galleys make the convict. Be good enough to bear that fact in mind. Before I went to Toulon I was a poor peasant, with but little intelligence; but the galleys changed me. I was stupid, and became wicked; I was a log and I became a brand.

8. "At a later date indulgence and goodness saved me, in the same way as severity had destroyed me. I have nothing more to add, so seize me. Good Heavens! the public prosecutor shakes his head. You say M. Madeleine has gone mad, and do not believe me. This is afflicting, at least do not condemn this man. What! these three do not recognize me! Oh, I wish that Javert were here, for he would recognize me!"

9. He then turned to the three convicts,—“Well, I recognize you. Brevet, do you not recognize me?” He broke off, hesitated for a moment, and said,—

“Can you call to mind the chequered braces you used to wear at the galleys?”

Brevet gave a start of surprise and looked at him from head to foot in terror. He continued,—

“Chenildieu, you have a deep burn in your right shoulder, because you placed it one day in a pan of charcoal in order to efface the three letters, T. F. P., which, however, are still visible. Answer me—is it so?”

10. “It is true,” said Chenildieu.

“Cochepaille, you have near the hollow of your left

arm a date made in blue letters with burnt gunpowder; the date is that of the emperor's landing at Cannes, March 1, 1815. 'Turn up your sleeve.'

Cochepaille did so, and every eye was turned to his bare arm; a gendarme brought up a lamp, and the date was there. The unhappy man turned to the audience and the judges, with a smile which to this day affects those who saw it. It was the smile of triumph but it was also the smile of despair.

"You see plainly," he said, "that I am Jean Valjean."

11. In the hall there were now neither judges, accusers, nor gendarmes; there were only fixed eyes and heaving hearts. No one thought of the part he might be called on to perform—the public prosecutor that he was there to prove a charge, the president to pass sentence, and the prisoner's counsel to defend. It was a striking thing that no question was asked, no authority interfered. It is the property of sublime spectacles to seize on all minds and make spectators of all the witnesses. No one perhaps accounted for his feelings, no one said to himself that he saw a great light shining, but all felt dazzled in their hearts.

12. It was evident that they had Jean Valjean before them. The appearance of this man had been sufficient to throw a bright light on the affair which was so obscure a moment previously: without needing any explanation, the entire crowd understood, as if through a sort of electric revelation, at once and at a

glance the simple and magnificent story of a man who denounced himself in order that another man might not be condemned in his place. Details, hesitation, any possible resistance, were lost in this vast luminous fact. It was an impression which quickly passed away, but at the moment was irresistible.

13. "I will not occupy the time of the court longer," Jean Valjean continued; "I shall go away, as I am not arrested, for I have several things to do. The public prosecutor knows who I am, he knows where I am going, and he will order me to be arrested when he thinks proper." He walked towards the door, and not a voice was raised, not an arm stretched forth to prevent him. All fell back, for there was something divine in this incident, which causes the multitude to recoil and make way for a single man.

14. He slowly walked on; it was never known who opened the door, but it is certain that he found it opened when he reached it. When there, he turned and said,—

"I am at your orders, sir."

Then he addressed the audience.

"I presume that all of you consider me worthy of pity? Great God, when I think of what I was on the point of doing, I consider myself worthy of envy."

He went out, and the door was closed as it had been opened, for men who do certain superior deeds are always sure of being served by some one in the crowd.

VICTOR HUGO.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

I.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

II.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

III.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

IV.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
 We've got you Ratisbon!
 The marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

V.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes;
 "You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said:
 "I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

GLAUCUS.

1. Stunned by his reprieve, doubting that he was
 awake, Glaucus had been led by the officers of the
 arena into a small cell within the walls of the theatre.
 They threw a loose robe over his form, and crowded
 round in congratulation and wonder. There was an
 impatient cry without the cell; the throng gave way,
 and the blind girl flung herself at the feet of Glaucus.

"It is *I* who have saved thee," she sobbed.

"Nydia, my child ! my preserver !"

"Oh, let me feel thy touch ! Yes, yes, thou livest ! We are not too late ! That dread door, methought it would never yield ! and Calenus, oh it seemed hours ere food and wine restored to him something of strength. But thou livest ! thou livest yet ! *I* have saved thee !"

2. "The mountain ! the earthquake !" resounded from side to side. The officers fled with the rest ; Glaucus and Nydia paced swiftly up the perilous and fearful streets. The Athenian had learned that Ione was yet in the house of Arbaces. Thither he fled, to release—to save her ! The few slaves whom the Egyptian had left at his mansion huddled together, stunned and frightened, and Glaucus passed on through the vast hall shouting aloud the name of Ione. At length he heard her voice in wondering reply ! To rush forward—to shatter the door—to seize Ione in his arms—to hurry from the mansion—seemed to him the work of an instant !

3. The cloud now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire ; no rainbow ever rivaled their varying and prodigal dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky—now of a livid and snake like green, darting rest-

lessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent—now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke, lighting up the whole city from arch to arch—then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of their own life.

4. The ashes in many places were already knee-deep; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapor. In some places, immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way; and, as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt—the footing seemed to slide and creep.

5. Through this awful scene did the Athenian wade his way, accompanied by Ione and the blind girl. Suddenly, a rush of hundreds, in their path to the sea, swept by them. Nydia was torn from the side of Glaucus, who, with Ione, was borne rapidly onward; and when the crowd was gone, Nydia was still separated from their side. Glaucus shouted her name. No answer came. They retraced their steps—in vain: they could not discover her—it was evident she had been swept along in some opposite direction by the human current. Their friend, their preserver, was lost! And hitherto Nydia had been their guide. *Her blindness rendered the scene familiar to her alone.*

6. Accustomed, through a perpetual night to thread the windings of the city, she had led them unerringly toward the sea-shore, by which they had resolved to hazard an escape. Now, which way could they wend? all was rayless to them—a maze without a clew. Wearied, despondent, bewildered, they passed along, the ashes falling upon their heads, the fragmentary stones dashing up in sparkles at their feet.

7. “Alas ! alas !” murmured Ione, “I can go no farther; my steps sink among the scorching cinders. Fly, and leave me to my fate !”

“O, Blessed lightning ! See, Ione—see ! the portico of the Temple of Fortune is before us. Let us creep beneath it; it will protect us from the showers.”

He bore her to the remoter and more sheltered part of the portico, and leaned over her that he might shield her from the showers of ashes and cinders. The lightning flashed and lingered athwart the temple—and Glaucus, with a shudder, perceived the lion to which he had been doomed, crouched beneath the pillars.

8. Advancing, as men grope for escape in a dungeon, Ione and her lover continued their uncertain way. At the moments when the volcanic lightnings lingered over the streets, they were enabled, by that awful light, to steer and guide their progress; yet, little did the view it presented to them cheer or encourage their path. Cinders and rock lay matted in

heaps, from beneath which emerged the half-hid limbs of some crushed and mangled fugitive. The groans of the dying were broken by wild shrieks of women's terror. And ever as the winds swept howling along the street, they bore sharp streams of burning dust, and such sickening and poisonous vapors, as took away, for the instant, breath and consciousness.

9. "Oh, Glaucus ! I can go no further!"

"For my sake, for my life—courage, yet, Ione; see—torches—this way ! Lo ! they brave the wind !—doubtless fugitives to the sea ! we will join them."

The torch-bearers moved quickly on. "We are nearing the sea," said the person at their head. "Liberty and wealth to each slave who survives this day; courage! I tell you that the gods themselves have assured me of deliverance—On!"

The torches flashed full on the eyes of Glaucus and Ione. Several slaves were bearing, by the light, panniers and coffers, heavily laden; in front of them—a drawn sword in his hand—towered the lofty form of Arbaces.

10. "By my fathers!" cried the Egyptian. "Fate smiles upon me even through these horrors, and, amid the dredest aspect of woe and death, bodes me happiness and love! Away, Greek ! I claim my ward, Ione!"

"Traitor and murderer !" cried Glaucus, glaring upon his foe, "Approach—touch but the hand of

Ione, and thy weapon shall be as a reed—I will tear thee limb from limb !”

“ Advance slaves!—Athenian, resist me, and thy blood be on thine own head! Thus, then, I regain Ione !”

11. He advanced one step—it was his last on earth! The ground shook beneath him with a convulsion that cast all round upon its surface. The lightning, as if caught by the metal, lingered an instant on the imperial statue beneath which he stood, —then shivered bronze and column! Down fell the ruin, echoing along the street, and riving the solid pavement where it crashed!

12. Glaucus caught Ione once more in his arms and fled along the street that was yet intensely luminous. But suddenly a duller shade came over the air. Instinctively he turned to the mountain, and behold! one of the two gigantic crests, into which the summit had been divided, rocked and wavered to and fro; and then, with a sound, the mightiness of which no language can describe, it fell from its burning base, and rushed, an avalanche of fire, down the sides of the mountain! At the same instant gushed forth a volume of blackest smoke—rolling on over air, sea and earth.

Glaucus, his bold heart at last quelled and despairing, sank beneath the cover of an arch of the Forum, and resigned himself to die.

13. Meanwhile Nydia, whose blindness rendered

the scene familiar to her, had been searching for Glaucus. Again and again she returned to the spot where they had been divided—to find her companions gone. At length it occurred to Nydia, that as it had been resolved to seek the sea-shore for escape, her most probable chance of rejoining her companions would be to persevere in that direction.

And now, she has gained the Forum—the arch; she stoops down—she feels round—and calls on the name of Glaucus.

A weak voice answers.

“Arise, follow me! Take my hand! Glaucus, thou shalt be saved!”

In wonder and sudden hope, Glaucus arose—
“Nydia still? Ah! thou, then, art safe!”

14. Half leading, half carrying Ione, Glaucus followed his guide. With admirable discretion, she sought the shore, and after many pauses and incredible perseverance, they gained the sea, and joined a group, who, bolder than the rest, resolved to hazard any peril rather than continue in such a scene. In darkness they put forth to sea.

15. Meekly, softly, beautifully, dawned at last the light over the trembling deep—the winds were sinking into rest—the foam died from the glowing azure of that delicious sea. There was no shout from the mariners at the dawning light; it had come too gradually, and they were too wearied for such sudden bursts of joy; but there was a low, deep murmur of

thankfulness amid those watchers of the long night. They looked at each other and smiled; they took heart; they felt once more that there was a world around, and a God above them! And in the feeling that the worst was past, the overwearied ones turned round, and fell placidly to sleep. And the bark containing our faithful trio drifted calmly onward to safety.

BULWER LYTTON.

THE CRY OF THE HUMAN.

“There is no God,” the foolish saith,
But none, “There is no sorrow;”
And Nature oft the cry of faith
In bitter need will borrow.
Eyes which the preacher could not school
By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say, “God be pitiful,”
Who ne’er said, “God be praised.”
Be pitiful, O God!

II.

The tempest stretches from the steep
The shadow of its coming;
The beasts grow tame, and near us creep,
As help were in the human:

Yet, while the cloud-wheels roll and grind,
 We spirits tremble under—
 The hills have echoes; but we find
 No answer for the thunder.
 Be pitiful, O God!

III.

The battle hurtles on the plains,
 Earth feels new scythes upon her;
 We reap our brothers for the wains,
 And call the harvest—honor:
 Draw face to face, front line to line,
 One image all inherit,
 Then kill, curse on, by that same sign,
 Clay—clay, and spirit—spirit.
 Be pitiful, O God!

IV.

We meet together at the feast,
 To private mirth betake us;
 We stare down in the winecup, lest
 Some vacant chair should shake us;
 We name delight, and pledge it round—
 “It shall be ours to-morrow!”
 God’s seraphs, do your voices sound
 As sad in naming sorrow?
 Be pitiful, O God!

V.

We sit together, with the skies,
 The steadfast skies, above us,
 We look into each other’s eyes,
 “And how long will you love us?”

The eyes grow dim with prophecy,
The voices, low and breathless,—
“Till death us part!” O words, to be
Our *best*, for love the deathless!
Be pitiful, O God!

VI.

We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed;
Our tears drop on the lip that said
Last night, “Be stronger-hearted!”
O God, to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely!
To see a light upon such brows,
Which is the daylight only!
Be pitiful, O God!

VII.

The happy children come to us,
And look up in our faces;
They ask us, “Was it thus, and thus,
When we were in their places?”
We cannot speak; we see anew
The hills we used to live in,
And feel our mother’s smile press through
The kisses she is giving.
Be pitiful, O God!

VIII.

We sit on hills our childhood wist,
Woods, hamlets, streams, beholding :
The sun strikes through the farthest mist
The city’s spire to golden:

The city's golden spire it was
 When hope and health were strongest;
 But now it is the churchyard grass
 We look upon the longest.
 Be pitiful, O God!

IX.

And soon all vision waxeth dull;
 Men whisper, "He is dying:"
 We cry no more, "Be pitiful!"
 We have no strength for crying—
 No strength, no need. Then, soul of mine,
 Look up, and triumph rather:
 Lo, in the depth of God's divine
 The Son adjures the Father,
 Be pitiful, O God!

MES. BROWNING.

CHAPTER IV.

PHYSIQUE — PSYCHO-PHYSICAL RESPONSE.

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

Scene I.—*On a ship at sea : a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

Enter a SHIPMASTER and a BOATSWAIN.

Master. Boatswain !

Boatswain. Here, master ; what cheer ?

Master. Good, speak to the mariners : fall to't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground ; bestir, bestir ! [*Exit.*

Enter MARINERS.

Boatswain. Heigh, my hearts ! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts ! yare, yare ! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough !

Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alonzo. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master ? Play the men.

Boatswain. I pray now, keep below.

Antonio. Where is the master, boatswain ?

Boatswain. Do you not hear him ? You mar our labour. Keep your cabins ; you do assist the storm.

Gonzalo. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatswain. When the sea is. Hence ! What cares these roarers for the name of king ? To cabin ! Silence ! trouble us not.

Gonzalo. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatswain. None that I love more than myself. You are a counsellor ; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more. Use your authority ; if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.— Cheerly, good hearts !— Out of our way, I say. [Exit.

Gonzalo. I have great comfort from this fellow : methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him ; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging ! Make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage ! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [Exeunt.

Enter BOATSWAIN.

Boatswain. Down with the topsail ! yare ! lower, lower ! Bring her to try wi' the main-course [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling ! they are louder than the weather or our office.—

Enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again ! what do you here ? Shall we give o'er, and drown ? Have you a mind to sink ?

Sebastian. A plague o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog !

Boatswain. Work you, then.

Antonio. Hang, cur! hang, you insolent noisemaker!
We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gonzalo. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell.

Boatswain. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses. Off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter MARINERS.

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boatswain. What! must our mouths be cold?

Gonzalo. The king and prince at prayers! Let's assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Sebastian. I'm out of patience.

Antonio. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning

The washing of ten tides!

Gonzalo. He'll be hang'd yet,

Though every drop of water swear against it,

And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[*A confused noise within.* 'Mercy on us!']—

'We split, we split!'—'Farewell, my wife and children!'—

'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!'—]

Antonio. Let's all sink with the king.

[*Exit.*

Sebastian. Let's take leave of him.

[*Exit.*

Gonzalo. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing.

The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A FAMOUS GARDEN PARTY.

1. Mr. Pickwick was just on the point of walking forth one morning when his faithful valet put into his hand a card on which was engraved the following inscription:

MRS. LEO HUNTER.

The Den. Eatanswill.

"Person's a waitin'," said Sam, epigrammatically.

"Does the person want me, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"He wants you particklar; and no one else 'll do."

"*He.* Is it a gentleman?"

"A wery good imitation o' one, if it ain't."

"But this is a lady's card."

"Given me by a gen'lm'n, hows'ever, and he's a waitin' in the drawing room—said he'd rather wait all day, than not see you."

2. Mr. Pickwick, on hearing this determination, descended to the drawing room, where sat a grave man, who started up on his entrance.

"Mr. Pickwick, I presume?"

"The same."

"Allow me, sir, the honor of grasping your hand. Permit me, sir, to shake it."

"Certainly," said Mr. Pickwick.

"We have heard of your fame, sir. The noise of your antiquarian discussion has reached the ears of Mrs. Leo Hunter—my wife, sir; *I am Mr. Leo Hunter.*"

3. "My wife, sir—Mrs. Leo Hunter—is proud to number among her acquaintance all those who have rendered themselves celebrated by their works and talents. Permit me, sir, to place in a conspicuous part of the list the name of Mr. Pickwick, and his brother members of the club that derives its name from him."

4. "I shall be extremely happy to make the acquaintance of such a lady, sir."

"You *shall* make it, sir." To-morrow morning, sir, we give a public breakfast to a great number of those who have rendered themselves celebrated by their works and talents. Permit Mrs. Leo Hunter, sir, to have the gratification of seeing you at the Den."

5. "With great pleasure."

"Mrs. Leo Hunter has many of these breakfasts, sir, 'feasts of reason, sir, and flows of soul,' as somebody who wrote a sonnet to Mrs. Leo Hunter on her breakfasts, feelingly and originally observed."

"Was *he* celebrated for his works and talents?"

"He was, sir, all Mrs. Leo Hunter's acquaintances are; it is her ambition, sir, to have no other acquaintance."

6. "It is a very noble ambition,"

"When I inform Mrs. Leo Hunter, that that remark fell from *your* lips, sir, she will indeed be proud. You have a gentleman in your train, who has produced some beautiful little poems, I think, sir."

"My friend Mr. Snodgrass has a great taste for poetry."

7. "So has Mrs. Leo. Hunter, sir. She dotes on poetry, sir. She adores it; I may say that her whole soul and mind are wound up, and entwined with it. She has produced some delightful pieces, herself, sir. You may have met with her 'Ode to an Expiring Frog,' sir."

"I don't think I have."

8. "You astonish me, sir. It created an immense sensation. It was signed with an 'L' and eight stars, and appeared originally in a *Lady's Magazine*. It commenced

'Can I view thee panting, lying
On thy stomach, without sighing;
Can I unmoved see thee dying
On a log,
Expiring frog!'

9. "Beautiful!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Fine," said Mr. Leo Hunter, "so simple."

"Very," said Mr. Pickwick.

"The next verse is still more touching. Shall I repeat it?"

"If you please," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Say, have fiends in shape of boys,
With wild halloo, and brutal noise,
Hunted thee from marshy joys,
With a dog,
Expiring frog!"

10. "Finely expressed," said Mr. Pickwick.

"But you should hear Mrs. Leo Hunter repeat it. *She* can do justice to it, sir. She will repeat it, in character, sir, to-morrow morning."

"In character!"

"As Minerva. But I forgot—it's a fancy-dress breakfast."

"Dear me," said Mr. Pickwick. I can't possibly

11. "Can't sir; can't!" exclaimed Mr. Leo Hunter. "Solomon Lucas, the Jew in the High Street, has thousands of fancy dresses. Consider, sir, how many appropriate characters are open for your selection. Plato, Zeno, Epicurus, Pythagoras—all founders of clubs."

12. "I know that, but as I cannot put myself in competition with those great men, I cannot presume to wear their dresses."

"On reflection, sir, I don't know whether it would not afford Mrs. Leo Hunter greater pleasure, if her guests saw a gentleman of your celebrity in his own

costume, rather than in an assumed one. I may venture to promise an exception in your case, sir,—yes, I am quite certain that on behalf of Mrs. Leo Hunter, I may venture to do so.”

13. “In that case, I shall have great pleasure in coming.”

“But I waste your time, sir. I know its value, sir. I will not detain you. I may tell Mrs. Leo Hunter, then, that she may confidently expect you and your distinguished friends? Good-morning, sir, I am proud to have beheld so eminent a personage.” And without giving Mr. Pickwick time to offer remonstrance or denial, Mr. Leo Hunter stalked gravely away.

14. Mr. Pickwick took up his hat, and repaired to the Peacock, but Mr. Winkle had conveyed the intelligence of the fancy ball there, before him, and the first words with which he saluted his leader were, “Mrs. Pott’s going.”

“As Apollo, and she’s going to wear a white satin gown with gold spangles.”

“They’ll hardly know what she’s meant for; will they?” inquired Mr. Snodgrass.

15. “Of course they will,” replied Mr. Winkle indignantly. “They’ll see her lyre, won’t they?”

“True; I forgot that,” said Mr. Snodgrass.

“I shall go as a Bandit,” interposed Mr. Tupman.

“You don’t mean to say,” said Mr. Pickwick, “you don’t mean to say, Mr. Tupman, that it is your inten-

tion to put yourself into a green velvet jacket, with a two-inch tail?"

"Such is my intention, sir! And why not, sir?"

16. "Because, sir, because you are too old, sir. And if any further ground of objection be wanting, you are too fat, sir."

"Sir, this is an insult. You have called me old."

"I have," said Mr. Pickwick.

"And fat."

"I reiterate the charge."

"My attachment to your person, sir, is great—very great—but upon that person I must take summary vengeance."

17. "Come on, sir!"

"For shame, gentlemen, for shame," exclaimed Mr. Snodgrass.

"I have been hasty," said Pickwick. "Tupman, your hand."

"I have been hasty, too," said Tupman.

"No, no, the fault was mine. You will wear the green velvet jacket?"

"No, no."

"To oblige me, you will."

"Well, well, I will."

It was accordingly settled that Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass, should all wear fancy dresses.

18. Mr. Leo Hunter had not exaggerated the resources of Mr. Solomon Lucas. His wardrobe was ex-

tensive—very extensive—not strictly classical perhaps, nor quite new, nor did it contain any one garment made precisely after the fashion of any age or time, but everything was more or less spangled; and what *can* be prettier than spangles! It may be objected that they are not adapted to the daylight, but if people give fancy balls in the daytime, and the dresses do not show quite as well as they would by night, the fault lies solely with the people who give the fancy balls, and is in no wise chargeable on the spangles.

19. A carriage was hired for the accommodation of the Pickwickians, and a chariot for the purpose of conveying Mr. and Mrs. Pott to Mrs. Leo Hunter's grounds.

The morning came: it was a pleasant sight to behold Mr. Tupman in full Brigand's costume, with a very tight jacket, setting like a pincushion over his back and shoulders. Equally humorous and agreeable was the appearance of Mr. Snodgrass in blue satin trunks and cloak; white silk tights and shoes, and Grecian helmet. All this was pleasant, but it was as nothing compared with the appearance Mr. Pott presented, accoutred as a Russian Officer of Justice.

20. Then there emerged from the house Mrs. Pott, conducted by Mr. Winkle, in his light red coat. Last of all came Mr. Pickwick, and then the two vehicles proceeded to Mrs. Leo Hunter's.

There was Mrs. Leo Hunter in the character of Minerva, receiving the company, and overflowing with

pride and gratification at the notion of having called such distinguished individuals together

21. "Mr. Pickwick, ma'am," said a servant, as that gentleman approached. hat in hand, with the Brigand and Troubadour on either arm.

"What! Where!" exclaimed Mrs. Leo Hunter, starting up in an affected rapture of surprise.

"Here," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Is it possible that I have really the gratification of beholding Mr. Pickwick himself!" ejaculated Mrs. Leo Hunter.

"No other, ma'am. Permit me to introduce my friends—Mr. Tupman—Mr. Winkle—Mr. Snodgrass—to the authoress of 'The Expiring Frog.'"

22. "Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Leo Hunter, "I must make you promise not to stir from my side the whole day. There are hundreds of people here, that I must positively introduce you to. In the first place, here are my little girls; I had almost forgotten them," said Minerva, carelessly pointing toward a couple of full-grown young ladies, of whom one might be about twenty, and the other a year or two older, and who were dressed in very juvenile costumes—whether to make them look young, or their mamma younger, Mr. Pickwick does not distinctly inform us.

23. "They are very beautiful," said Mr. Pickwick, as the juveniles turned away, after being presented.

"They are very like their mamma, sir," said Mr. Pott, majestically.

"Oh you naughty man," exclaimed Mrs. Leo Hunter, playfully tapping the Editor's arm with her fan.

24. "Count, Count," screamed Mrs. Leo Hunter to a well-whiskered individual in a foreign uniform, who was passing by. "I want to introduce two very clever people to each other. Mr. Pickwick, I have great pleasure in introducing you to Count Smorltork. Count Smorltork, Mr. Pickwick."

"What you say, Mrs. Hunt? Pig Vig or Big Vig—what you call—Lawyer—eh? I see—that is it. Big Vig"—and the Count was proceeding to enter Mr. Pickwick in his tablets, as a gentleman of the long robe, who derived his name from the profession to which he belonged.

25. "No, no, Count," said the lady, "Pick-wick."

"Ah, ah, I see," replied the Count. "Peek—christian name; Weeks—surname; good, ver good. Peek Weeks. How you do, Weeks?"

"Quite well, I thank you," replied Mr. Pickwick, with his usual affability.

"Count," said Mrs. Leo Hunter; "this is Mr. Snodgrass, a friend of Mr. Pickwick's, and a poet."

26. "Stop," exclaimed the Count, bringing out the tablets once more. "Head, poetry—chapter, literary friends—name, Snowgrass; ver good. Introduced to Snowgrass—great poet, friend of Peek Weeks—by Mrs. Hunt, which wrote other sweet poem—what is that name?—Fog—Perspiring Fog—ver good—ver

good indeed." And the Count put up his tablets, and with sundry bows and acknowledgments walked away, thoroughly satisfied that he had made the most important and valuable additions to his stock of information.

27. Presently the voice of Mrs. Pott was heard to chirp faintly forth, something which courtesy interpreted into a song. This was succeeded by Mrs. Leo Hunter's recitation of her far-famed Ode to an Expiring Frog, which was encored once and would have been encored twice, if the major part of the guests, who thought it was high time to get something to eat, had not said that it was perfectly shameful to take advantage of Mrs. Hunter's good nature.

28. So although Mrs. Leo Hunter professed her perfect willingness to recite the ode again, her kind and considerate friends wouldn't hear of it on any account; and the refreshment room being thrown open, all the people who had ever been there before, scrambled in with all possible dispatch; Mrs. Leo Hunter's usual course of proceeding being, to issue cards for a hundred, and breakfast for fifty, or in other words to feed only the particular lions, and let the smaller animals take care of themselves.

29. "Where is Mr. Pott?" said Mrs. Leo Hunter, as she placed the aforesaid lions around her.

"Here I am," said the editor, from the remotest end of the room; far beyond all hope of food, unless something was done for him by the hostess.

“Won’t you come up here?”

“Oh, pray don’t mind him,” said Mrs. Pott, in the most obliging voice—“you give yourself a great deal of unnecessary trouble, Mrs. Hunter. You’ll do very well there, won’t you—dear?”

“Certainly—love.”

30. Mrs. Leo Hunter looked round her in triumph. Count Smorltork was busily engaged in taking notes of the contents of the dishes; Mr. Tupman was doing the honors of the lobster salad to several lionesses, with a degree of grace which no Brigand ever exhibited before; Mr. Snodgrass was engaged in an argument with a young lady who did the poetry; and Mr. Pickwick was making himself universally agreeable. Nothing seemed wanting to render the select circle complete.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT IV, SCENE I.—*A public place.*

Enter SECOND MERCHANT, ANGELO, and an OFFICER.

2 *Merchant.* You know since Pentecost the sum is due,

And since I have not much importun’d you ;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia and want guilders for my voyage.
Therefore make present satisfaction,

Or I’ll attach you by this officer.

Angelo. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus,
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain ; at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS and DROMIO OF EPHESUS.

Officer. That labour may you save ; see where
he comes.

Antipholus of E. While I go to the goldsmith's
house, go thou

And buy a rope's end ; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, soft ! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone ;
Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me.

Dromio of E. I buy a thousand pound a year ! I
buy a rope ! *[Exit.*

Antipholus of E. A man is well help up that
trusts to you !

I promised your presence and the chain ;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Angelo. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman.

I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea and stays but for it.

Antipholus of E. I am not furnish'd with the present money ;

Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof ;
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Angelo. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself ?

Antipholus of E. No ; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Angelo. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you ?

Antipholus of E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have ;

Or else you may return without your money.

Angelo. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain ;

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Antipholus of E. You use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

2 Merchant. The hour steals on ; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Angelo. You hear how he importunes me ;—the chain !

Antipholus of E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Angelo. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now. Either send the chain or send me by some token.

Antipholus of E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.

Come, where's the chain ? I pray you, let me see it.

2 Merchant. My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say whether you'll answer me or no ;

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Antipholus of E. I answer you ! what should I answer you ?

Angelo. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Antipholus of E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Angelo. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Antipholus of E. You gave me none ; you wrong me much to say so.

Angelo. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it ;

Consider how it stands upon my credit.

2 Merchant. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Officer. I do, and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Angelo. This touches me in reputation.

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

Antipholus of E. Consent to pay thee that I never had !

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Angelo. Here is thy fee ; arrest him, officer.

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

Officer. I do arrest you, sir ; you hear the suit.

Antipholus of E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.—

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Angelo. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, from the bay.

Dromio of S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard, and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Antipholus of E. How now! a madman! Why, thou
peevish sheep,

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dromio of S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Antipholus of E. Thou slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dromio of S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon;
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Antipholus of E. I will debate this matter at more
leisure,

And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry

There is a purse of ducats ; let her send it.
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave, be gone ! —
[*Exit Dromio of S.*]

On, officer, to prison till it come.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

BABIES.*

1. Oh yes, I do — I know a lot about 'em. I was one myself once — though not long, not so long as my clothes. *They* were very long, I recollect, and always in my way when I wanted to kick. Why do babies have such yards of unnecessary clothing? It is not a riddle. I really want to know. I never could understand it. Is it that the parents are ashamed of the size of the child, and wish to make believe that it is longer than it actually is?

2. I asked a nurse once why it was. She said :

“Lor', sir, they always have long clothes, bless their little hearts.”

And when I explained that her answer, although doing credit to her feelings, hardly disposed of my difficulty, she replied :

“Lor', sir, you wouldn't have 'em in *short* clothes, poor little dears?” And she said it in a tone that seemed to imply I had suggested some unmanly out-

*By permission from Jerome's “Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow,” published by Henry Holt & Co.

rage. Since then, I have felt shy at making inquiries on the subject, and the reason — if reason there be — is still a mystery to me.

3. But, indeed, putting them in any clothes at all, except night dresses, seems absurd to my mind. Goodness knows, there is enough of dressing and undressing to be gone through in life, without beginning it before we need ; and one would think that people who live in bed might, at all events, be spared the torture. Why wake the poor little wretches up in the morning to take one lot of clothes off, fix another lot on, and put them to bed again ; and then, at night, haul them out once more, merely to change everything back?

4. And when all is done, what difference is there, I should like to know, between a baby's night-shirt and the thing it wears in the day-time?

Very likely, however, I am only making myself ridiculous — I often do ; so I am informed — and I will, therefore, say no more upon this matter of clothes, except only that it would be of great convenience if some fashion were adopted, enabling you to tell a boy from a girl.

5. At present it is most awkward. Neither hair, dress, nor conversation affords the slightest clue, and you are left to guess. By some mysterious law of Nature, you invariably guess wrong, and are thereupon regarded by all the relatives and friends as a mixture of fool and knave, the enormity of alluding to a male

babe as "she" being only equalled by the atrocity of referring to a female infant as "he."

6. And, as you value your fair name, do not attempt to get out of the difficulty by talking of "it." There are various methods by which you may achieve ignominy and shame. But if you desire to drain to the dregs the fullest cup of scorn and hatred that a fellow human creature can pour out for you, let a young mother hear you call dear baby "it."

7. Your best plan is to address the article as "little angel." The noun "angel" being of common gender, suits the case admirably, and the epithet is sure of being favorably received. "Pet" or "beauty" are useful for variety's sake, but "angel" is the term that brings you the greatest credit for sense and good feeling. The word should be preceded by a short giggle, and accompanied by as much smile as possible. And, whatever you do, don't forget to say that the child has got its father's nose.

8. This pleases the parents more than anything. They will pretend to laugh at the idea at first, and will say, "Oh, nonsense!" You must then get excited, and insist that it is a fact. You need have no conscientious scruples on the subject, because the thing's nose really does resemble its father's—at all events quite as much as it does anything else in nature—being, as it is, a mere smudge.

9. Do not despise these hints, my friends. There may come a time when, with mamma on one side and

grandmamma on the other, a group of admiring young ladies (not admiring you though) behind, and a bald-headed dab of humanity in front, you will be extremely thankful for some idea of what to say. A man — an unmarried man, that is — is never seen to such disadvantage as when undergoing the ordeal of “seeing baby.” A cold shudder runs down his back at the bare proposal, and the sickly smile with which he says how delighted he shall be, ought surely to move even a mother’s heart.

10. The bell is rung, and somebody sent to tell nurse to bring baby down. This is the signal for all the females present to commence talking “baby,” during which time, you are left to your own sad thoughts, and the speculations upon the practicability of suddenly recollecting an important engagement, and the likelihood of your being believed if you do. Just when you have concocted an absurdly implausible tale about a man outside, the door opens, and a tall, severe-looking woman enters, carrying what at first sight appears to be a particularly skinny bolster, with the feathers all at one end.

11. Instinct, however, tells you that this is the baby, and you rise with a miserable attempt at appearing eager. When the first gush of feminine enthusiasm with which the object in question is received has died out, and the number of ladies talking at once has been reduced to the ordinary four or five, the circle of fluttering petticoats divides, and room is made for you

to step forward. This you do with much the same air that you would walk into the dock, and then, feeling unutterably miserable, you stand solemnly staring at the child.

12. There is a dead silence, and you know that every one is waiting for you to speak. You try to think of something to say, but find, to your horror, that your reasoning faculties have left you. It is a moment of despair, and your evil genius, seizing the opportunity, suggests to you some of the most idiotic remarks that it is possible for a human being to perpetrate. Glancing round with an imbecile smile, you sniggeringly observe that "It hasn't got much hair, has it?" Nobody answers you for a minute, but at last the stately nurse says with much gravity—"It is not customary for children five weeks old to have long hair."

13. Another silence follows this, and you feel you are being given a second chance, which you avail yourself of by inquiring if it can walk yet.

By this time, you have got to be regarded as not quite right in your head, and pity is the only thing felt for you. The nurse, however, is determined that, insane or not, there shall be no shirking, and that you shall go through your task to the end. In the tones of a high priestess, directing some religious mystery, she says, holding the bundle towards you, "Take her in your arms, sir."

14. You are too crushed to offer any resistance, and so meekly accept the burden, and then all step back and watch you intently as though you were going to do a trick with it.

What to do you know no more than you did what to say. It is certain something must be done, however, and the only thing that occurs to you is to heave the unhappy infant up and down to the accompaniment of "oopsee-daisy," or some remark of equal intelligence. "I wouldn't jig her, sir, if I were you," says the nurse; "a very little upsets her." You promptly decide *not* to jig her and sincerely hope that you have not gone too far already.

15. At this point, the child itself, who has hitherto been regarding you with an expression of mingled horror and disgust, puts an end to the nonsense by beginning to yell at the top of its voice, at which the priestess rushes forward and snatches it from you with, "There, there, there! What did ums do to ums?" "How very extraordinary!" you say pleasantly. "Whatever made it go off like that?" "Oh, why you must have done something to her!" says the mother indignantly; "the child wouldn't scream like that for nothing." It is evident they think you have been running pins into it.

16. The child is calmed at last, and would no doubt remain quiet enough, only some mischievous busybody points you out again with "Who's this,

baby?" and the intelligent child, recognizing you, howls louder than ever.

Whereupon, some fat old lady remarks that "It's strange how children take a dislike to any one." "Oh, *they* know," replies another mysteriously. "It's a wonderful thing," adds a third ; and then everybody looks sideways at you, convinced you are a scoundrel of the blackest dye ; and they glory in the beautiful idea that your true character, unguessed by your fellowmen, has been discovered by the untaught instinct of a little child.

17. Babies, though, with all their crimes and errors, are not without their use — not without use, surely, when they fill an empty heart ; not without use when, at their call, sunbeams of love break through care-clouded faces ; not without use when their little fingers press wrinkles into smiles. Odd little people ! They are the unconscious comedians of the world's great stage. They supply the humor in life's all too heavy drama.

18. The business-like air with which two of them will join hands and proceed due east at a break-neck toddle, while an excitable big sister is roaring for them to follow her in a westerly direction, is most amusing — except, perhaps, for the big sister.

19. A crowded street corner suggests itself to their minds as a favorable spot for the discussion of family affairs at a shrill treble. When in the middle of crossing the road, they are seized with a sudden im-

pulse to dance, and the doorstep of a busy shop is the place they always select for sitting down and taking off their shoes.

20. When at home, they find the biggest walking-stick in the house, or an umbrella — open preferred — of much assistance in getting upstairs. They discover that they love Mary Ann at the precise moment when that faithful domestic is blackleading the stove, and nothing will relieve their feelings but to embrace her then and there. They nurse pussy upside down, and they show their affection for the dog by pulling his tail.

21. But there ! I shall get myself the character of a baby-hater, if I talk any more in this strain. And Heaven knows I am not one. Who could be, to look into the little innocent faces clustered in timid helplessness round those great gates that open down into the world ? The world ! the small round world ! what a vast, mysterious place it must seem to baby eyes ! What a trackless continent the back garden appears !

22. What marvelous explorations they make in the cellar under the stairs ! With what awe they gaze down the long street, wondering, like us bigger babies, when we gaze up at the stars, where it all ends ! And down that longest street of all — that long, dim street of life that stretches out before them — what grave, old-fashioned looks they seem to cast !

23. Poor little feet, just commencing the stony journey ! We, old travelers, far down the road, can

only pause to wave a hand to you. You come out of the dark mist, and we, looking back, see you, so tiny in the distance, standing on the brow of the hill, your arms stretched out toward us. God speed you ! We would stay and take your little hands in ours, but the murmur of the great sea is in our ears, and we may not linger. We must hasten down, for the shadowy ships are waiting to spread their sable sails.

JEROME K. JEROME.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT II, SCENE III.—*Leonato's Orchard.*

Enter BENEDICK.

Benedick. Boy!

Enter Boy.

Boy. Signior?

Benedick. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Benedick. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love; and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabour and the pipe: I have known when

he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography: his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.

Don Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claudio. Yea, my good Lord. How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

Don Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claudio. O, very well, my lord; the music ended, We'll fit the kid-fox* with a pennyworth.

Don Pedro. Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claudio. O, ay: stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.—I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leonato. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

*Young fox.

Benedick. Is't possible ? Sits the wind in that corner ?

Leonato. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it but that she loves him with an enraged affection : it is past the infinite of thought.

Don Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claudio. Faith, like enough.

Leonato. Counterfeit ! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

Don Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she ?

Claudio. Bait the hook well ; this fish will bite.

Leonato. What effects, my lord ? She will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claudio. She did, indeed.

Don Pedro. How, how, I pray you ? You amaze me ; I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leonato. I would have sworn it had, my lord ; especially against Benedick.

Benedick. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it ; knavery cannot, sure, hid himself in such reverence.

Claudio. He hath ta'en the infection ; hold it up.

Don Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick ?

Leonato. No, and declares she never will ; that's her torment.

Claudio. 'Tis true, indeed ; so your daughter says : 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him ?'

Leonato. This she said when she was beginning to write to him; my daughter tells us all. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit: for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.'

Claudio. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, and cries.

Leonato. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy* hath so much overborne her that my daughter is sometime afeared she will do a desperate outrage to herself; it is very true.

Don Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claudio. To what end? He would but make a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.

Don Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady.

Claudio. And she is exceeding wise.

Don Pedro. In everything but in loving Benedick.

Leonato. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

Don Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daffed † all other respects and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leonato. Were it good, think you?

Claudio. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere

* Passion.

† Doffed.

she make her love known, and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

Don Pedro. She doth well ; if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it ; for the man, as you know all, bath a contemptible spirit.

Claudio. He is a very proper man.

Don Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Claudio. And, in my mind, very wise.

Don Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

Leonato. And I take him to be valiant.

Don Pedro. As Hector, I assure you : and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise ; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love ?

Claudio. Never tell him, my lord ; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leonato. Nay, that's impossible ; she may wear her heart out first.

Don Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter ; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well ; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leonato. My lord, will you walk ? dinner is ready.

Claudio. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

Don Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her ;

and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.]

Benedick. [*coming forward.*] This can be no trick; the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud; happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humor? No. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady; I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beatrice. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Benedick. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beatrice. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me ; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Benedick. You take pleasure then in the message ?

Beatrice. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point and choke a daw withal.—You have no stomach, signior ; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Benedick. Ha ! ‘Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner ;’ there's a double meaning in that. ‘I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me ;’ that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain. I will go get her picture.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT IV, PART OF SCENE I.

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Duke. Give me your hand. Came you from old Bel-lario ?

Portia. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome ; take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court ?

Portia. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Portia. Is your name Shylock ?

Shylock. Shylock is my name.

Portia. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow,
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not ?

Antonio. Ay, so he says.

Portia. Do you confess the bond ?

Antonio. I do.

Portia. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shylock. On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

Portia. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blest ;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation ; we do pray for mercy,

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shylock. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Portia. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bassanio. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;
Yea, thrice the sum.

Portia. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shylock. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven ;
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?
No, not for Venice.

Portia. Why, this bond is forfeit ;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful :
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

Shylock. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law ; your exposition
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Antonio. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Portia. Why then, thus it is :
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shylock. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

Portia. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shylock. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge !
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

Portia. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shylock. Ay, his breast ;
So says the bond — doth it not, noble judge ? —
Nearest his heart ; those are the very words.

Portia. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh ?

Shylock. I have them ready.

Portia. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shylock. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Portia. It is not so express'd ; but what of that ?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shylock. I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond.

Portia. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine ;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shylock. Most rightful judge !

Portia. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast ;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shylock. Most learned judge !—A sentence ! Come,
prepare !

Portia. Tarry a little ; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh :
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE LEPERS.*

1. It was dark when Ren-Hur turned into the street leading to his father's house. At the gate on the north side of the old house he stopped. In the corners the wax used in the sealing-up was still plainly seen, and across the valves was the board with the inscription—

“THIS IS THE PROPERTY OF
THE EMPEROR.”

Nobody had gone in or out the gate since the dreadful day of the separation. Should he knock as of old? It was useless, he knew; yet he could not resist the temptation. Taking a stone, he mounted the broad stone step, and tapped three times. A dull echo replied. He tried again, louder than before; and again, pausing each time to listen. The silence was mocking. Retiring into the street, he watched the windows; but they, too, were lifeless. The parapet on the roof was defined sharply against the brightening sky; nothing could have stirred upon it unseen by him, and nothing did stir.

*By permission from “Ben-Hur,” by Lew Wallace. Copyright 1880 by Harper & Bros.

2. From the north side he passed to the west, where there were four windows which he watched long and anxiously, but with as little effect. At times his heart swelled with impotent wishes; at others, he trembled at the deceptions of his own fancy.

Silently, then, he stole round to the south. There, too, the gate was sealed and inscribed. The mellow splendor of the August moon, pouring over the crest of Olivet, since termed the Mount of Offense, brought the lettering boldly out; and he read, and was filled with rage. All he could do was to wrench the board from its nailing, and hurl it into the ditch. Then he sat upon the step, and prayed for the New King, and that his coming might be hastened. As his blood cooled, insensibly he yielded to the fatigue of long travel in the summer heat, and sank down lower, and, at last, slept.

3. About that time two women came down the street from the direction of the Tower of Antonia, approaching the palace of the Hurs. They advanced stealthily, with timid steps, pausing often to listen. At the corner of the rugged pile, one said to the other, in a low voice,

“This is it, Tirzah!”

And Tirzah, after a look, caught her mother's hand, and leaned upon her heavily, sobbing, but silent.

“Let us go on, my child, because” — the mother hesitated and trembled; then, with an effort to be calm, continued — “because when morning comes they will

put us out of the gate of the city to — return no more.”

4. Tirzah sank almost to the stones.

“Ah, yes!” she said, between sobs; “I forgot. I had the feeling of going home. But we are lepers, and have no home; we belong to the dead!”

The mother stooped and raised her tenderly, saying, “We have nothing to fear. Let us go on.”

Indeed, lifting their empty hands, they could have run upon a legion and put it to flight.

And, creeping in close to the rough wall, they glided on, like two ghosts, till they came to the gate, before which they also paused. Seeing the board, they stepped upon the stone in the scarce cold tracks of Ben-Hur, and read the inscription — “This is the Property of the Emperor.”

Then the mother clasped her hands, and moaned in unutterable anguish.

5. “What now, mother? You scare me!”

“Your brother! They took everything from him — everything — even this house! He will never be able to help us.”

“And then, mother?”

“To-morrow — To-morrow, my child, we must find a seat by the wayside, and beg alms as the lepers do; beg, or —”

Tirzah leaned upon her again, and said, whispering, “Let us — let us die!”

“No!” the mother said, firmly. “The Lord has

appointed our times, and we are believers in the Lord. We will wait on Him even in this. Come away!"

6. She caught Tirzah's hand as she spoke, and hastened to the west corner of the house, keeping close to the wall. No one being in sight there, they kept on to the next corner, and shrank from the moonlight, which lay exceedingly bright over the whole south front, and along a part of the street. The mother's will was strong. Casting one look back and up to the windows on the west side, she stepped out into the light, drawing Tirzah after her; and the extent of their affliction was then to be seen — on their lips and cheeks, in their bleared eyes, in their cracked hands; especially in the long, snaky locks, like their eye brows, ghastly white. Nor was it possible to have told which was mother, which daughter; both seemed witch-like old.

7. "Hist!" said the mother. "There is someone lying upon the step — a man. Let us go round him."

They crossed to the opposite side of the street quickly, and, in the shade there, moved on till before the gate, where they stopped.

"He is asleep, Tirzah!"

The man was very still.

"Stay here, and I will try the gate."

So saying, the mother stole noiselessly across, and ventured to touch the wicket; she never knew if it yielded, for that moment the man sighed, and, turning restlessly, shifted the handkerchief on his

head in such a manner that the face was left upturned and fair in the broad moonlight. She looked down at it and started; then looked again, stooping a little, and arose and clasped her hands and raised her eyes to heaven in mute appeal. An instant so, and she ran back to Tirzah.

8. "As the Lord liveth, the man is my son—thy brother!" she said, in an awe-inspiring whisper.

"My brother?—Judah?"

The mother caught her hand eagerly.

"Come!" she said, in the same enforced whisper, "let us look at him together—once more—only once—then help thou thy servants, Lord!"

They crossed the street hand in hand ghostly-quick, ghostly-still. When their shadows fell upon him, they stopped. One of his hands was lying out upon the step palm up. Tirzah fell upon her knees, and would have kissed it; but the mother drew her back.

"Not for thy life; not for thy life! Unclean, unclean!" she whispered.

Tirzah shrank from him, as if he were the leprous one.

9. Ben-Hur was handsome as the manly are. His cheeks and forehead were swarthy from exposure to the desert sun and air; yet under the light mustache the lips were red, and the teeth shone white, and the soft beard did not hide the full roundness of chin and throat. How beautiful he appeared to the mother's eyes! How mightily she yearned to put her arms

about him, and take his head upon her bosom and kiss him, as had been her wont in his happy childhood!

10. Not for any blessing of life, not for life itself, would she have left her leprous kiss upon his cheek! Yet touch him she must; in that instant of finding him she must renounce him forever! How bitter, bitter hard it was, let some other mother say! She knelt down, and, crawling to his feet, touched the sole of one of his sandals with her lips, yellow though it was with the dust of the street—and touched it again and again; and her very soul was in the kisses.

11. He stirred, and tossed his hand. They moved back, but heard him mutter in his dream,

“Mother! Amrah! Where is—”

He fell off into the deep sleep.

Tirzah stared wistfully. The mother put her face in the dust, struggling to suppress a sob so deep and strong it seemed her heart was bursting. Almost she wished he might waken.

He had asked for her; she was not forgotten; in his sleep he was thinking of her. Was it not enough?

12. Presently the mother beckoned to Tirzah, and they arose, and taking one more look, as if to print his image past fading, hand in hand they recrossed the street. Back in the shade of the wall there, they retired and knelt, looking at him, waiting for him to wake—waiting some revelation, they knew not what.

Nobody has yet given us a measure for the patience of a love like theirs.

By-and-by, the sleep being yet upon him, another woman appeared at the corner of the palace. The two in the shade saw her plainly in the light; a small figure, much bent, dark-skinned, grey-haired, dressed neatly in servant's garb, and carrying a basket full of vegetables.

13. At sight of the man upon the step she stopped; then, as if decided, she walked on—very lightly as she drew near the sleeper. Passing round him, she went to the gate, slid the wicket latch easily to one side, and put her hand in the opening. One of the broad boards in the left valve swung ajar without noise. She put the basket through, and was about to follow, when, yielding to curiosity, she lingered to have one look at the stranger whose face was below her in open view.

The spectators across the street heard a low exclamation, and saw the woman rub her eyes as if to renew their power, bend closer down, clasp her hands, gaze wildly around, look at the sleeper, stoop and raise the outlying hand, and kiss it fondly—that which they wished so mightily to do, but dared not.

14. Awakened by the action, Ben-Hur instinctively withdrew his hand; as he did so, his eyes met the woman's.

“Amrah! O Amrah, is it thou?” he said.

The good heart made no answer in words, but fell upon his neck, crying for joy.

Gently he put her arms away, and lifting the dark face wet with tears, kissed it, his joy only a little less than hers. Then those across the way heard him say,

“Mother — Tirzah — O Amrah, tell me of them! Speak, speak, I pray thee!”

Amrah only cried afresh.

“Thou hast seen them, Amrah. Thou knowest where they are; tell me they are at home.”

15. Tirzah moved, but the mother, divining her purpose, caught her and whispered, “Do not go—not for life. Unclean, unclean!”

Her love was in tyrannical mood. Though both their hearts broke, he should not become what they were; and she conquered.

Meatime Amrah, so entreated, only wept the more. “Wert thou going in?” he asked presently, seeing the board swung back. “Come, then. I will go with thee.” He arose as he spoke. “The Romans—be the curse of the Lord upon them!—the Romans lied. The house is mine. Rise, Amrah, and let us go in.”

16. A moment and they were gone, leaving the two in the shade to behold the gate staring blankly at them—the gate which they might not ever enter more. They nestled together in the dust.

They had done their duty.

Their love was proven.

Next morning they were found, and driven out of the city with stones.

“Begone! Ye are of the dead; go to the dead!”

With the doom ringing in their ears, they went forth.

LEW WALLACE.

